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JOHN BULL

Vol. X. No. 254 | SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—L. RON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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"MRS. BULL"

A LIVE PAPER FOR LIVE WOMEN.

Published Every Tuesday,

ONE PENNY.

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Published Every Wednesday.

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THE DRAWING-ROOMS

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The following claims have been received for our issue of March 4th:—

HENRY WOODHOUSE, 15, Hawthorne Terrace, Old Eston, Middlesbrough. No. 304,243. March 4th.

JAMES BELL, 7, Chamberlain Street, Poulton, Seacombe, Cheshire. No. 163,813. March 4th.

ROBT. TODD, 9, Charlotte Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne. No. No. 200,132. March 4th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 18th:—

24313	118227	210192	352250	470629
29945	126146	220112	356536	491368
39660	130435	222167	381336	505550
48875	152486	226294	405182	519704
56939	163869	243988	415048	520137
78178	167076	267904	422494	526125
82978	178999	268400	430383	533461
97517	192156	328280	441358	558711
101909	201434	334776	455221	602978
113282	209362	343300	464297	625991

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 13TH (PUBLISHED MAY 11TH).

The John Bull League.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name .....

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Vol. X. No. 254. Saturday, April 15th, 1911. One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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DALY'S THEATRE Closed This Week. Re-open Easter Monday, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production of a WALTZ DREAM. New Libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by OSCAR STRAUS. Matinée Saturdays at 2.15.

The John Bull League.

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A PUBLIC MEETING
WILL BE HELD AT
ST. JAMES' PARISH HALL, CHARLES STREET,
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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th, at 8 p.m.
Mr. B. A. BROWN (Bristol)
WILL DELIVER AN ADDRESS ON
THE OBJECTS OF THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE."
Doors open 7.30. Admission Free.

LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

A GRAND WHIST DRIVE
WILL BE HELD AT THE
LIVERPOOL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HARDMAN STREET.
THURSDAY, APRIL 20th, at 7.30 p.m. prompt.
TWENTY PRIZES.
Tickets (price 1s. 6d., including refreshments) can be obtained from the Local Secretary, Mr. G. S. Haines, of 48, Woodlands Road, Aigburth, or at the doors.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BRANCH.

A GRAND SMOKING CONCERT
WILL BE HELD IN THE
MARBLE HALL, ALBION HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
FRIDAY, APRIL 28th, at 7.30 p.m.
Chairman . . . Councillor H. ROSS CLYNE.
Admission Free.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

{The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.}

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S ILLNESS.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Lloyd George's throat trouble is not yielding to treatment as satisfactorily as could be wished, and if he is well advised, he will give up all attempts at public speaking for some time to come.

THE BUDGET.

There is reason to believe that the Budget will this year—as in that when Mr. Lloyd George was suddenly made Chancellor of the Exchequer—be introduced by Mr. Asquith, its subsequent stages being left to Mr. Hobhouse.

SOUND INSTINCT.

The House of Commons, whatever its faults, possesses a sound instinct in its appreciation of personal character—and it does not like Mr. Clough, M.P. It will forgive much, but it places a limit on pharasaical cant. We hope to have the pleasure of including this pious politician in our next Parliamentary Post-mortem. The epitaph is ready—but it will take a little time to get it into journalistic shape. At present it consists of only one word.

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

Nothing more comical has been witnessed in the House during recent years than the spectacle of Mr. Balfour defending the Party system, in a particularly feeble argument, and Mr. Asquith rising to compliment him on his great speech—"the most complete vindication of the representative system he had ever heard." *What* a game it is!

A WASTED DAY.

Imagine a whole Parliamentary day being devoted to inducing the Admiralty to apologise to a little schoolboy, who had been the victim of official muddle-headedness! What a lot of people will get "the sack" when that Business Government comes along!

ANOTHER CONVERT?

From leading article in the *Star* of April 5th:—"We fully admit that there is need for a constant pressure on the part of the electorate upon its representatives, *and for a constant pressure on the part of members upon the Cabinet. All Governments need fierce criticism.*" Just so.

COMING JUDICIAL AND GOVERNMENT CHANGES.

Two of His Majesty's Judges are about to retire—and so are two of His Majesty's Ministers. If you see it in JOHN BULL————!

A Poor Plea for Party.

The *Evening Standard* has been indulging in a strange tirade in favour of the Party system, asserting that government would be impossible if members voted according to their consciences. In fact, it suggests that to be conscientious is to be "perfectly unaccountable." Its main argument is that ministries would not last long. We see no objection to that possibility, but we can easily supply an answer. At present, if a ministry is defeated on some minor question, such as cordite or three acres and a cow, out it has to go. Under a Business Government, each Minister would be responsible for his own department, and, if he were defeated on an important issue, he alone would have to go. After all, that is the logical theory of the phrase "His Majesty's Ministers."

The Dogs' Bread.

Some interesting facts about Standard bread came out at the Institute of Hygiene. One speaker said that it did not look nice and that the appearance of our food is important to digestion. Another person pointed out that it is made of the kind of flour usually devoted to dog-biscuits, and that it might set up ptomaine poisoning. Here, then, is an answer to the jeers of supercilious people who hated us for pointing out that it contained germs. We have heard of giving the children's bread to the dogs, but this is reversing the process. Do not let us rob the dogs of their biscuits.

The Psychology of Prisoners.

We are still several months away from the "silly season," but the papers have been full of nonsense about the literature of convicts. If they were allowed to choose their own reading, the subject might have some psychological interest. As it is, the only sidelight on human nature has been the statement that fashions arise in prisons about books. Sometimes, for instance, everybody asks for Shakespeare, not with the object of reading him, of course, but from a vague idea that a good impression will be made on the prison authorities by this affectation of culture. Such affectation, however, is by no means restricted to prisons.

Oxford Snobs and Kill-sports.

It will be remembered that Cecil Rhodes founded scholarships for men who were sportsmen as well as scholars. Those pillars of the Empire, the undergraduates of Oxford, hate the Rhodes scholars because their wealth and birth are not always up to the gilded average. So they are ingeniously trying to exclude them from a share of University games on the ground that a sporting scholarship means money paid for sport, and therefore turns the scholars into professionals! Was there ever such impudent, snobbish balderdash? We wonder what the great Empire-builder would have had to say on the subject. Meanwhile, we congratulate Cambridge on having avoided such unsportsmanlike meanness.

Portuguese Politeness.

What a very polite affair that Portuguese revolution was, to be sure! Dom Manoel was allowed to escape in his own yacht, and when he reached his destination, he returned the vessel with compliments and thanks. Now he has asked his successors to be kind enough to return his jewel-case and that of his mother. The Republican Government at once proved itself to be the pink of politeness, and sent off the trinkets to London. What a very different atmosphere from that of revolutions two or three hundred years ago! The form of a country's government was then taken quite seriously. Now nobody seems to care a tinker's curse.

Cantankerous Railway Companies.

We are very glad that the Great Western Railway's appeal has been dismissed, and only wish they had been beaten on the direct issue of the right to sell the return halves of tickets. What the dickens does it matter to a railway company who uses the return half? It is not as though a practice could arise of buying return tickets wholesale and selling the halves separately at a profit. Railway companies ought to be discouraged from their persistent attempts to browbeat the public.

Commination Invited.

Some time ago, we commented upon the fact that missionaries, being interested in trade, had never protested against Congo atrocities. The result was a chorus of missionary indignation directed against us. Now, however, Sir Edward Sassoon has alluded in the House of Commons to "the absence of former complaints by British and American missionaries" (former meaning previously to the Belgian annexation of the Congo State), and Sir Edward Grey, in his reply, has tacitly endorsed the assertion. Now, then, what have our missionary critics to say?

Better Late than Never.

The Nonconformist oracle which started its career so far back as 1843—68 years ago—as the *Bradford Observer*, but which has latterly adopted the wider and higher sounding prefix of "Yorkshire," up to the present time has strenuously fought against racing. But on Monday, March 20th, we find it devoting three columns to horse-racing under the heading of "Flat Racing Opens." In the first article on the subject is the following:—

> One is thereby reminded of the words of Harriet Lady Ashburton, who lived in the middle of last century, and who, according to the late Lord Houghton, said: "If I were to begin life again I should go on the Turf merely to get friends. They seem to me to be the only people who really hold together. I don't know why. It may be that each man knows something that would hang the others. But the effect is delightful and most peculiar."

Now then, *Daily News*, hurry up.

Robbing Jacques to Pay Hans.

The main policy of the Young Turks since they came into power has been to borrow money, and their present plan is to obtain it in France and spend it in Germany. This may come off, for the French investor is one of the simplest of mankind. But however clever the Turks may be in borrowing, they have no skill in spending. Corruption is still rampant, and funds intended for battleships or communications will inevitally find their way into the pockets of pashas as heretofore.

The Senseless Census.

"The only object of the census," says a correspondent, "was to give statisticians fresh opportunities of juggling with figures. It had no practical advantage, not even that of frightening the Germans. But it cost a great deal of money and caused much unnecessary trouble. At one London hotel, for instance, the staff had to fill in all the particulars of 800 persons, which meant several days' labour for quite a number of clerks. A Pacific liner was held up for two hours after a 13,000 mile journey to enable officials to pursue their inquisition. In fact, there was not only a waste of public funds but of time and money of individuals. Ten years hence I hope there will be an agitation against the census, not only on the part of non-voters but also of all economists." There is much force in this criticism, albeit that it is a bit extravagant.

Prudent Assurance.

One of the aspects of the campaign against problem novels deserves to be emphasised. The moralists do not really care very, very much about protecting innocent minds against contamination. They are quite unmoved by the possibilities of erotic expansion, or the propagation of unknown vices. What does infuriate them is anything savouring of a campaign against the institution of marriage. They cannot endure that rude hands shall be laid upon an ancient convention, with which all their interests are associated. We are not, of course, opponents of the marriage tie, but we do consider that, in its present state, it is by no means perfect. In other words, we maintain that many marriage problems are still unsolved and that free discussion is one of the best avenues to reform. If this is to be a manly, progressive age we must have no hushing up of social subjects simply because they may raise blushes on maiden brows. Mothers are quite capable of controlling the reading of their offspring. If they were not, that would be no excuse for impeding progress. You might just as well prohibit Royal Commissions and Blue Books on social evils on the ground that the susceptibilities of the simple might suffer. Surely anyone with a grain of common sense must admit that the happiness of the people is more important than the squeamish affectations of a few blundering prudes.

Public Mendicants.

We wish someone would start an agitation to suppress public begging. The poor man without a crust or a lodging for his starving, shivering children is arrested and sent off to gaol if he asks a fellow-citizen for help. But complete toleration is extended to armies of bloated cadgers, who rattle money-boxes, circulate impudent appeals, annoy peaceful people and generally make themselves an intolerable nuisance. Some charities, of course, do a great deal of good, but the average public mendicant solicits us not merely for homes or shelters or missions, but simultaneously for his own inflated salary and the maintenance of hordes of underlings whose appointments are in his own gift. Philanthropy must not be checked, of course, but under the present system it is exposed to so many abuses that it urgently requires to be directed and regulated. Oh, for a Business Charity!

Picture Palace Pests.

We always thought that picture palaces were nice, respectable places, suited alike to families and flirtation. But a correspondent sounds a note of warning which fills us with alarm. He dwells indignantly upon "the despicable practices of certain so-called *men*, who sit beside *any* young lady and so far forget themselves as to——" (the rest does not matter). He accompanied a lady to one of these shows three times during three weeks, and each time she was annoyed by a different man, who made himself scarce at the first symptom of alarm. Such behaviour ought to be swiftly and severely resented, and it ought not to be difficult for a few sturdy friends to catch offenders, particularly as they appear to make a habit of misbehaving themselves. Meanwhile the proprietors of picture palaces would do well in their own interests to take steps to put down the nuisance. Otherwise, timid people will stay away, quick-tempered ones will brawl, and killjoys will seize the pretext for interfering with entertainments hitherto regarded as harmless.

Ha! Ha!

By the way, why does the *Morning Leader* consider it "an amusing incident" that an old lady had to go to the churchyard to find out how many of her children had died? Different people have different senses of humour.

Jones, of West Ham.

It is in our minds that upon a previous occasion we have had Councillor Jones, of West Ham, in vision. Now he is on view again. At the recent meeting of the Borough Council he declared that "so far as the Coronation was concerned, he did not care whether the King was crowned or buried on June 22nd." Apparently Mr. Jones is of the type of Socialist who seeks cheap notoriety by making offensive public references to royalties, merely because they *are* royalties. He throws mud at the Throne from his place in the gutter, and the more nauseous the splash the better he enjoys it. It is only the dirty who love the dirt, however, and Mr. Jones really disarms criticism.

Aquapuritanism in Excelsis.

In the Folkestone Town Hall the other evening the local aquapuritans had a lovely night out. The Rev. John Hugh Morgan, the chairman for the occasion, seems to have had a riot of joy all to himself. Among other things, he declared that no man was fit to be a legislator who had any complicity with the drink traffic or held any brewery shares. "Men who broke the laws of God," he said, "were not qualified to make laws for their fellows. They were to go to the polling booths straight from the presence of their God." What a love feast we shall have in Parliament when all the brewers are out and all the pharisees are in! But what about that list of a thousand clerical shareholders in breweries which we once produced in the House?

Police Clerk at Llanelly.

"A Clerk is required for this station," said the notice posted up at Llanelly police station a few days ago. "Any constable of this division may send in his name to the Chief Constable at Llandilo, with a hand-written application." In response, about fifty-two police constables applied, but apparently none of them was capable of doing the work. Superintendent Rodgers, of Llanelly, chanced to have a son who had arrived from London for the good of his health, having been employed in a printer's office, and he was appointed. Not unnaturally, the local police are rather sore about this coincidence. Many of them have been in the force for nearly twenty years, and their view, whatever may be the practical worth of it, is that if the new station clerk had not had a superintendent for a kind father the Chief Constable would probably have found at least one man in the local force equal to the demands of the post. It is a cynical view to take, no doubt; for, as is well known, appointments go by merit, even if kissing goes by favour.

To Him that Hath.

With reference to our paragraphs, "Blessed are the Rich" and "Blessed are the Poor," a vicar points out to us that the worst feature of present Church law is that it allows its dignitaries liberties which it denies to the ordinary incumbent. Thus Canons are allowed to keep on rich livings in addition to their Canonries; for example, Canon the Hon. Leonard Tyrwhitt keeps Rolleston Rectory, worth £400 net, with a house, and Canon C. Smith keeps Whippingham Rectory, worth £295 a year, with a house. The law allows them to do this though their Canonries at Windsor are worth £1,000 a year and a residence, yet it will not permit an incumbent to have two livings, though only worth £100 combined. In the Church, as in the world, there is one law for the rich and another for the unlucky. Is not it written that to him that hath shall be given?

An American Verse.

Early to bed, and early to rise—
Don't matter a damn if you don't advertise.

Cruelty is Cheap To-day.

A brutal soldier, William Venables by name, was recently charged before Mr. Plowden with cruelly ill-treating a dog by kicking it to death. The defendant stated that he merely pushed the wretched little animal, an Irish terrier, away with his foot. But seeing that the dog died fifteen minutes later from the effects of the "push," we imagine that a genuine kick from William Venables would be something very formidable indeed. Anyhow, kick or push, Mr. Plowden charged the defendant, for his little bit of amusement, ten shillings and two shillings costs, thus demonstrating the interesting fact that it costs only four shillings and sixpence more to kick a dog to death than it does to pay for the licence of a live one. The penalty must be increased if William Venables' "push stroke" is to be barred.

Welcome.

We welcome the formation at Ilford of a "Sunday Music Committee," the object of which is to urge upon the local Council the provision of Sunday music in the parks. The members, through Mr. E. W. Spears, the hon. secretary, are arranging for a public meeting in the Town Hall early in the present month. All success to them.

A Vast Drink.

A few days ago a man without a home was staggering about the streets of Pinner and using unparliamentary language. He was accordingly gathered in by the policeman on the beat. "What do you do for a living?" inquired the chairman of magistrates. After reading a long list of convictions the clerk answered for him. "He has been drunk since 1890," said he. No wonder the man staggered.

Another Judicial Humorist.

Mr. Justice Avory has explained to the Premier that his remark, during the hearing of a recent case, that one of the parties could appeal to the House of Lords, "if there is one," was made "merely in the spirit of pleasantry." The fact of his lordship saying anything in a spirit of pleasantry is so charming a revelation that we have not the heart to utter a word to check the jocular flow, even when it is embittered by political allusion. Will his lordship kindly inform us the date of his next joke? And when will Mr. Muir break out?

The Discomfited Vandals.

The proposed St. James's Park stone bridge "uninterrupted vista" scheme has been killed, and the old iron bridge, with its delightful picturesqueness, is to remain with us as a joy for auld lang syne. Probably not again in our time will anyone propose to lay his unholy, modern hands on the sylvan beauties of our London parks. The Mansion House Committee scheme was thoroughly unpopular.

Ipswich Education Committee.

Another of the public authorities of Ipswich seems anxious to make a name for itself. Its Education Committee now advertises for a man and wife as caretakers of St. Pancras Mixed R.C. School, wages 5s. a week in winter and 3s. 6d. a week in summer, with an allowance of 10s. in lieu of wages for special cleaning during four holiday periods. How dare the Committee squander the money of the ratepayers in this way?

When the Business Government Comes.

Mr. Herbert Samuel has been saying that a Cabinet Minister's lot is harder than that of a postman or 'busman. We suppose it is only a stern sense of duty which prevents him from making an exchange.

Bournemouth, Bigots and Bunkum.

The farcical hollowness of the saintly Sabbatarianism of Bournemouth is well illustrated in the persons of several members of its local Council. Everybody knows that for deadly dulness the Bournemouth Sunday beats anything in the line out of Scotland. The place has a population of 70,000 or more, and judging by its representatives in the Council it is steeped through and through with cant and hypocrisy. There is not a Sunday tram in the place, wholly through the action of the members of the Council; and yet one of the opponents of Sunday trams, Councillor Harris, has carried in the General Purposes Committee a motion "calling attention to the need for a more convenient Sunday service of trains between Bournemouth and Waterloo," and asking that the Company might be written to suggesting an improvement. The poorer classes of the town who wish to take out their children on Sundays, and the visitors out of whom Bournemouth lives, must not have trams; but the well-to-do residents who have business in London and like an occasional Saturday night there, need Sunday trains for the comfort and convenience of their earthly bodies and the rest of their immortal souls.

"Official."

Mr. Runciman's answers to further cross-examination in the House of Commons about the Holmes Circular are a piquant illustration of the gentle art of official ambiguity. Mr. Runciman might just as well have told the House at first what he has had to confess under pressure—that the Holmes Circular was printed and sent out with the sanction of the Permanent Secretary of the Board, Sir Edward Morant. It is a fact that most Under-Secretaries qualify for higher posts in the service of the State by their artistic talents in telling next to nothing about anything to representatives of the people. "Questions" is merely trying to learn from Ministers what they wish to conceal. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Runciman has had most of the truth dragged out of him. This and another little fact has sent him into oratorical hysterics.

The Permanent Official.

The other little fact is that it is found out that Mr. Runciman does not matter very much in his own Department. He avers that his policy is opposed to that of the Holmes Circular; yet it is printed and circulated with the concurrence and sanction of the Permanent Secretary. If Mr. Runciman's policy is known in his own Department, how comes it that its permanent head sanctions the sending out of a document which at the least must have a damaging effect upon it? Probably the truth is that the actual Board of Education is Sir Robert Morant.

Wait (35 years) and See.

The tricks of home employment firms are as many and varied as those of the heathen Chinee. The notorious Crownleigh Commercial Institute, to which we have often referred, has now adopted a new device for collecting sixpences. In return for that sum you receive an "Endowment Note," entitling you to obtain £1 from the Scientific Trading Society (140, Leadenhall Street, E.C.), "out of the available funds of the Society"—at the end of 35 years! Whether any funds will be available at that distant date is about as problematical as whether the Crownleigh Commercial Institute or the Scientific Trading Society will still be out of gaol. We have had some experience of human credulity since we began exposing swindles in these columns, but our curiosity impels us to wonder how many of our readers have been lured into acceptance of this impudent promise. We hope to hear of the disestablishment and disendowment of all such tricksters long before the lapse of 35 years.

More Sinecures.

It appears that the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, like the members of the Board of Trade, never meet. In fact, they are about as useful as the unicorn supporting the Royal Arms. We beg to move that "the Speaker of the Irish Parliament" be transferred from the Board of Trade to the Commission. Should he decline the promotion, the unicorn would do just as well.

Party Childishness.

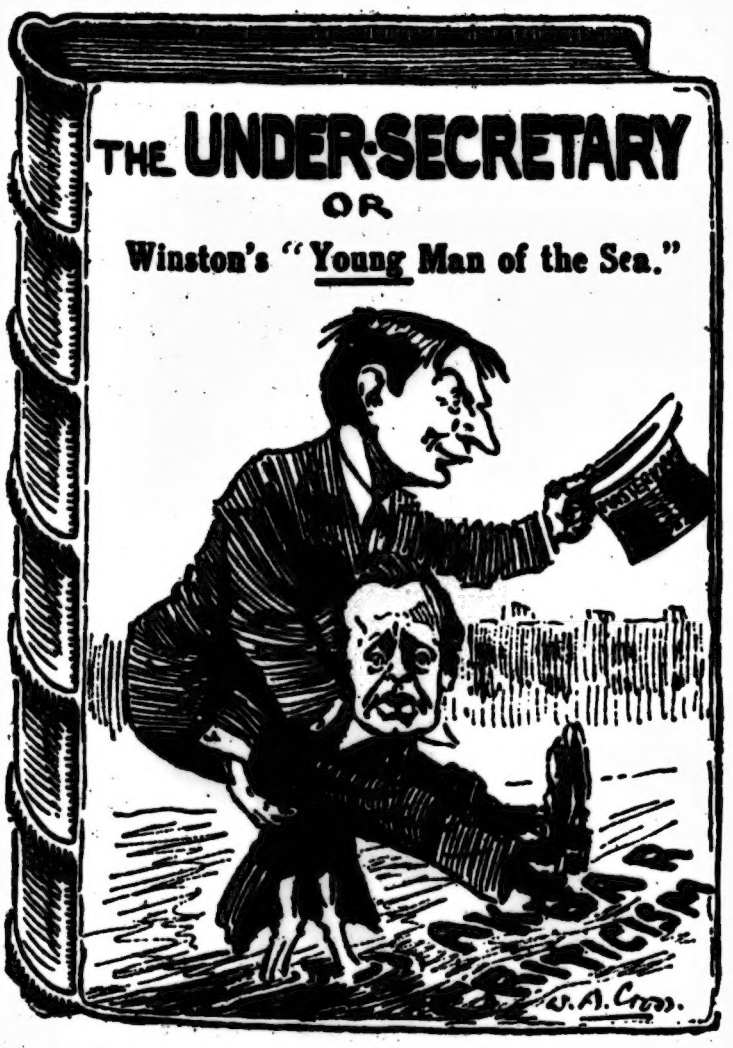
The noisy demonstrations about the Dartmoor shepherd in the House of Commons illustrate the childish levity with which politics are regarded under the Party system. What happened? Mr. Churchill made a round of the penal e tablishments and decided to give certain prisoners a fresh chance. Among these was an old man who undertook to remain in a situation for six months. He did not keep his word, but disappeared within a few days, and has only now been found through an indiscretion in the matter of whisky. What does this prove? That in one out of a great number of ca es where the Home Secretary recommended mercy, an old gaol-bird broke his word. That may be a pretext for making Party capital, but it does not justify an outcry. We only hope that it will not deter the Home Secretary from pursuing his humanitarian policy and continuing to give a fresh chance to prisoners and captives.

The Week's "Chestnut":—

A man went to complain of the tightness of his trousers and said to his tailor: "They are tighter even than my skin."

"Nonsense, how can that be?"

"Well, I *can* sit in my skin."



"JOHN BULL'S" BOOKSHELF.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For advertising "ALL-BRITISH WEEK, *British Pictures, British Music. Full* VIENNESE *Orchestra. Violin Solo will be played at 4 and 9 o'clock by* HERR AUREL BELINSKI,"

THE CARDIFF CINEMA THEATRE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "When the City party reached Bristol last night THE SUN WAS SHINING,"

THE FOOTBALL ARGUS (Bradford),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating of two photographs, "At the TOP *is Mr. W. F. Smith, formerly of Marlborough and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the captain of the East of England (Hockey) divisional team; and* IMMEDIATELY ABOVE *is Mr. J. K. Mathews, formerly of Felstead and Clare College, Cambridge,"*

THE TATLER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a paragraph apropos of a local "golden wedding," "Unfortunately, only one of their ABSENT *children, Mr. J. H. Playford, with his wife, from Lympne, was able to be* PRESENT,"

THE FOLKESTONE, HYTHE, SANDGATE AND CHERITON HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Daily Chronicle," "RENT FREE 75 YEARS, *comfortable 6-romd. House, good grdn.,*"
"CROMACK (Pretoria Road, Tottenham)"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in his address to the Portslade-by-Sea Urban District Council Electors: "As Chairman of the Sanitary and Lighting Committee I am able to say that our town still maintains its high reputation of showing one of the lowest death-rates in England and Wales. In 1909 *it was actually the lowest. All this means that* I HAVE MORE THAN KEPT MY PROMISES,"

MR. EDWARD J. PARKER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a story published in the "Weekly Tale-Teller," "Peter took his CIGAR *from his mouth deliberately and began to whistle. I remember the tune now, and the cynical look in his eyes as he beat time with the* STEM OF HIS PIPE,"

MR. J. G. B. LYNCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Daily News") in a lecture on "Housekeeping on £1 per week:"—"With a family IN RECEIPT OF 20S. PER WEEK *a typical weekly budget was: Insurance,* 1s. 8d.; *rent,* 8s.; *clothing,* 1s. 5½d.; *light, heating, and cleaning,* 2s. 1½d.; *and 'living,'* 8s. 1d.,"

MRS. PEMBER REEVES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mrs. Yerkes "subsequently admitted that she was again a HAPPY BRIDE TO A NUMBER OF JOURNALISTS,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mr. Charles E. Price, M.P., "represents the FARMERS AND SMALL HOLDERS *of* CENTRAL EDINBURGH,"

THE SCOTSMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in a Madeira paper, "British National Census to be taken on 2nd April, 1911: *His Britannic Majesty's Consul has the honour to ask* ALL NATIVES *of the United Kingdom now residing in Madeira (visitors excluded) to furnish him with a list of their names and sex at the earliest possible date; and explaining at the same time whether they were born in the United Kingdom or* ABROAD,"

CAPTAIN JAMES BOYLE (H.B.M. Consul, Madeira)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—IV.

A WORD TO THE AGENTS.—THE "SPECIAL CANVASSER."—A CONFESSION.

In this article we propose to deal with that curse of the Prudential system, the Special Canvasser; but before we refer to him, we desire to say a word to the general body of agents. Some of them seem to think we are attacking them, but we can assure them that this is far from our desire or intention. We believe that the enquiry we are pursuing, and the consequences that may follow, will be of material benefit to them. We recognise that, speaking generally, they are a worthy body of men, who gain a very modest livelihood by incessant work. We do not hide our opinion that many of them in their desire to get new business make statements that cannot be justified, but they make them unwillingly, and the majority of them refuse to father the more serious misrepresentations that the superintendents do their best to induce them to make. This is proved by the existence of the Special Canvasser, who has no such scruples.

The "Special Canvasser."

Now who is this Special Canvasser? He is frequently a man who has been in the service of the Prudential, and has sometimes left it owing to misconduct, often misconduct of a very grave character. It may be thought strange that the Prudential Company should employ discarded servants on special duty, and not only discarded servants, but servants very often guilty of crime. But the Prudential meets this by saying it does not "employ" these men, and that is one of the peculiarities of the position. Technically the Company may be justified in saying it does not employ them. It gives them no written authorisation to act on its behalf; it gives them no salary, and, directly, it pays them nothing. Whenever their conduct is challenged they are disavowed by the Head Office. Nevertheless they are used by the Company. Their actual relations to it make the conduct of its managers all the more contemptible. It would be bad enough if the Company directly authorised these men to do the dirty work they do, as they are directly authorised by some other companies doing industrial business, but the Prudential has not the courage necessary for this. It slinks behind its superintendents and agents, and whilst pocketing the gains rendered possible by the nefarious doings of the Special Canvasser, it scarcely recognises him as an employee.

A Person of Importance.

What is the object of employing the Special Canvasser? It is thought, and experience proves that it is thought correctly, that he is able to get business where the ordinary agent can get none. He is usually a plausible, well-dressed gentleman, and he is introduced to the policy holder by the superintendent or agent of the district as a man who has come direct from the Head Office, and is a person of importance, with more power than the local man. We have before us one of the cards sent round by superintendents to pave the way for the Special Canvasser. Here is a copy of it:—

> Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.
> District Office,
> Town Hall Chambers, Reading.
>
> Dear Sir or Madam,—Our representative will call to examine your policies next week. Kindly have them in readiness for him.—Yours faithfully,
>
> ——————, *Superintendent.*

This intimation is followed by a visit from a Special Canvasser, who is invariably accompanied by the superintendent or agent, and the Special Canvasser is introduced as coming direct from the Head Office, and as being one of the "Chief Inspectors of Policies." Then commences the fairy tale about the benefits that can be derived by the payment for a certain time of an extra premium. The Special Canvasser, a man of glib tongue, and often of good address, speaking as it is thought with all the authority of the Head Office, finds it easy to persuade the policy holder to do what he suggests.

Defrauding Policy-Holders.

Let us explain the *modus operandi*. A baby, we will say, was insured for a 1d. a week, and upon this policy 6 years' premiums were paid. A Special Canvasser calls upon the mother and informs her that by the payment of an extra 1d. per week a certain amount of money can be drawn in cash when the child reaches the age of 15 years, and she is told that the money already paid on the other policy will be transferred to the new policy. She agrees to take it out, and on the second policy she pays, say, for four years. Then another Special Canvasser calls upon her and tells her that it is the Company's wish that she should now pay 4d. per week upon the child, and all the premiums paid upon the other policy will be transferred to the new one. Later on, still another "Inspector" calls and informs her that, now her child has reached the age of 10 years, the Company would like to make her policy a "full policy," and she can do this by paying another 2d. per week, making 6d. per week in all. She is again assured that the money paid in on the existing policy will be transferred to the new one. What really happens each time is that by changing the existing policy she loses every penny paid on the original policy. The new policy is the only one that the directors recognise. The only concession made to the policy-holder is that, if the insured dies within the next few months, a certain amount will be paid, so that to all intents and purposes the previous policies are lapsed. The poor woman is fleeced out of her hard-earned pence; the Prudential keeps the premiums paid; the Special Canvasser gets his commission for obtaining the new policy; the superintendent gets an increase in premium income in his district. All these get something out of it, but the policy-holder is left in ignorance of the swindle until she asks for her money, and then she gets about a third of what she expected, and there is no remedy.

A Typical Case.

We have before us the Statutory Declaration of a man who was visited by a Special Canvasser, and this is what the Declaration tells us:—His wife had been insured for 20 years with the Prudential for £100 and had paid a yearly premium of £3 10s. 11d. for that time. There had been added to the policy a bonus of £30 4s. In October last a Special Canvasser, accompanied by the agent, called upon him in reference to the policy. They told him they had come specially to see him upon the matter, as the Company was offering special benefits to its old members. In his case the Company had decided to increase the amount insured from £100 to £200 without any extra payments from him. All that he would have to do in future would be to pay the same premium as before, £3 10s. 11d. less 5s. It was, however, going to take away the bonus of £30 4s.—from the original policy. The policy-holder agreed to accept this offer and the necessary forms were signed. On enquiring, however, he found that the Special Canvasser was not a servant

of the Company at all, and that the tale this man had told him, that the Company was doing this generous thing owing to the fear of the Government, was nothing more or less than a pack of lies. The man immediately demanded the return of his policy, and having made it plain to the authorities that he was not to be put off, they gave way and returned it to him. Had the transaction been completed, he would have sacrificed the bonus of £30 4s.; then he would have had an additional £7 13s. 11d. to pay, otherwise he would have lost the second £100 insurance and the whole of the bonus on the original policy.

Labour Party's Resolution.

Let us summarise the methods of the Special Canvasser. He relies upon forcing increase on existing policies. He does not trouble his head as to whether the policy-holder goes under. He has got what he expected to get from his victim, and he has gone elsewhere to find fresh victims. At the Labour Party Conference held in Hull in 1908, a resolution was carried which declared that the Conference condemned the employment of the Special Canvasser in Industrial Insurance, because, owing to his position of irresponsibility, his methods are "*misleading, fraudulent and inimical to the best interests of the industrial classes.*" That describes in moderate language the real position and practice of these men.

The Company's Responsibility.

As bearing upon the responsibility of the Prudential Company for the employment of these Special Canvassers let us give an illustration. Some two years ago there was an agent of the Company in an industrial district not 100 miles from London, whose accounts were constantly in disorder. In order to put off the day of reckoning, and to deceive the superintendent on the occasion of his periodical investigations of the books, this man would go to the policy-holder —it must be remembered that generally it is a woman, whose husband is away at work—to help him, and would ask her to put aside the premium receipt book, and accept from him another an exact counterpart of the original one, with the exception of the date of the last payment, which showed anything from 6 to 9 weeks in arrears. In this way the agent's deficiencies were covered up and the superintendent deceived. It may be said that it is incredible that a woman with a clear book should consent to substitute for it another one showing her in arrears, but in fact it is frequently done, and it was done in the case to which we refer. The man drew upon the woman's sympathy. He had, he pleaded, had bad luck, but he would be right again in a few weeks. It would cost her nothing, and it would do him a service, and so the woman consented, as many another woman in this same man's district consented. Of course it was found out in the end, as these things always are, and when brought to the notice of the Head Office the agent was asked to resign. But note what followed. Within two months of his resignation this man, who was a smart canvasser, was appointed by the superintendent who had detected his fraudulent doings as a Special Canvasser in the same district where he had misconducted himself. And in order that the people who were insured might not think it strange, they were told that he had been promoted by the Head Office, and had come direct to them from there. Not only that. Within the last few weeks he has been promised the position of assistant superintendent.

How the System Works.

Mark how this system works. In the same district there was an agent. This agent was a steady, honest man. When he had been in the service of the Company for some five years he applied to be made an assistant superintendent, and the answer he received from the Head Office was that "his figures were not good enough." It is true that they did not show a large increase during the five years he had been at work with the Company, but he explained this by saying that he persistently refused to allow the Special Canvasser to see his policy-holders, and throughout his canvassing he had refrained from misleading the people whom he had endeavoured to insure. Contrast the different treatment of the rogue, and you get the measure of the moral code of the management of the Prudential Assurance Company.

And here is another case. A man was first of all appointed an agent. Afterwards he was promoted to be an assistant superintendent, and then to be district superintendent. He was then discharged for deficiencies —and immediately became a Special Canvasser. After some time he was again appointed as an agent, again was dismissed for deficiencies, and once more was engaged as a Special Canvasser, and remains in that position to-day. Here it is demonstrated anew that in the opinion of the authorities it matters not what the character of a Special Canvasser may be. He may swindle, and swindle again, but he is good enough to fool the poor people to whom he goes, and who are told by the superintendents that he specially represents the Head Office, and is high in its confidence. And let it be remembered that if the Special Canvasser introduces rotten business—as oftener than not he does—the superintendent loses nothing. Whatever he has paid to the Special Canvasser in the way of commission has to be made good to him by the unhappy agent. But of this we shall say more next week.

A Confession.

It will be understood that it is not easy to induce any of these Special Canvassers to make a confession of their offences, but we have before us a confession from one of these men—a man who probably has worked as much ill upon policy-holders as most Special Canvassers—in which he acknowledges his ill doings, and if the need arises he will go into the box to support his admissions He tells us that for fifteen years he has been doing nothing but calling upon these policy-holders under false pretences. He says that the Prudential has made hundreds of pounds out of his work, and that the tricks he adopted to get the policy-holders to hand over their policies were innumerable. He admits he has been guilty of wholesale misrepresentation, of embezzlement, of forged signatures, and of all sorts of trickery. For these fifteen years he has been posing as one of the Chief Policy Inspectors from Holborn Bars, whereas in fact, he has never been to London, much less to the Head Office of the Prudential Company.

What has the Prudential Assurance Company to say to all this? There are in the City of London alone scores of these Special Canvassers at work, and they are all over the country. How can the Board of the Prudential Company justify their existence? It knows well that the majority of these "Inspectors" are of no character; that they resort to nefarious methods in order to obtain new business; that they are guilty not once now and again, but constantly, of fraud and forgery; that the ordinary agents of the Company loathe them, and that the official representatives of the agents have time and again hotly protested against their employment. Why then does the Company connive at their doings? It retains them because the management at Holborn believes, and rightly believes, they bring in a huge revenue to the Company. It is dirty money, but still it is money, representing a large profit to the Company. If this is the reason why the Company employs these men, or rather connives at their employment—as we say it is—no words of ours are necessary to bring home to all right-minded men the heavy moral responsibility that rests upon the Prudential directors in this matter, and no language would be too strong to condemn their relations with these Special Canvassers.

OUGHT MORRISON TO HANG?

By a Barrister-at-Law.

I shall endeavour to show that the verdict of "Guilty" ought never to have been returned by the jury, and that, having been returned, it ought to have been quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. On what evidence has this man been convicted? Is there a *scrap* of evidence connecting him with the murder of Leon Beron? No weapon found, or proved to be in his possession. No bloodstains on his clothes. No property of the murdered man traced to him. *Nothing* to implicate him with the crime. It was vaguely suggested, both by the prosecution and the Judge, that the murderer had an accomplice. There was not a tittle of evidence to support that contention. Was it thrown out to suggest to the jury that Morrison might be guilty of the murder although another man actually struck the blows, that another man had the weapon and received the splashes of blood while Morrison kept watch, aiding and abetting at the commission of the deed? It *was* thrown out, and it was not the only suggestion made to the jury of a nature detrimental to the accused man, without any evidence whatever to support it.

Some of the evidence put forward by the Crown almost demonstrates Morrison's innocence. To enumerate a few of these "*suspicious circumstances*":—

The Bloodstains.

(1) Slight bloodstains were found on the linen collar he was wearing eight days after the murder, and another on his shirt-sleeve. Moreover, the bloodstains on the collar were mere specks, and not more than four in all, and were about the size of a pin's head. As regards the small stains on the shirt-cuff (which were at the bottom of the cuff) it was demonstrated that it was a physical impossibility for blood to get on the same in connection with the crime, owing to the "wind-protector" attached inside the sleeves, unless the cuffs were drawn down past the protector, which would in such case hamper the working of the arm. It cannot in reason be suggested that the coat was taken off and carefully placed aside when the crime was committed. The coat was a long motor one and the sleeves came right down to the hands. *No other blood was found on any part of his clothing.* It was proved by the prison report that his nose had bled naturally in prison. It was proved also that the prisoner's nose bled previously to the occurrence at the prison.

(2) He called at Snelwar's Restaurant on January 1st, seven hours after the murder was said to have been committed. Hardly the act of a guilty man!

The Five-Pound Notes.

(3) The same day—January 1st—he obtained from a man named Franks (who had been convicted of receiving stolen goods) two five-pound Bank of England notes. This seems at first sight a very suspicious circumstance. Consider, however, whether Franks would be likely to give Bank of England notes in return for stolen property. Morrison proved beyond question (it was indeed admitted by the Crown) that he had another object in calling on Franks that day. Moreover, a bank clerk proved that Morrison exchanged £35 for banknotes on December 2nd. It is not improbable, therefore, that he gave £10 of his own money to Franks in exchange for the two five-pound notes.

(4) Is it likely a murderer who was not also a lunatic would openly show a revolver which the prosecution said he intended to use (if required) in resisting arrest; that he would openly leave at the restaurant which he and his victim frequented a parcel containing the weapon with which he intended to commit the murder; that he would openly walk about with his victim for two hours and then openly take a cab to Clapham Common with his victim; there murder him, then take another cab, and finally a third cab to Tottenham? How did he return to Whitechapel in the early hours of the morning without being observed by the police?

The Alibi.

Morrison proved, as fully as any man living in lodgings such as his could be expected to prove, that he went to bed as usual on the night of the murder, and that he got up as usual the following morning. The story that he was at a music-hall from 9 to 11.20 p.m. that night may or may not be true. It was certainly not proved to be false, but it does not affect the question of his guilt or innocence. The theory of the defence was that the murder was a *murder of vengeance* and that robbery was only an incident of it. In summing up, Mr. Justice Darling referred to the "S" marks on the dead man's cheeks, which, according to counsel for the defence, supported that theory. The learned Judge told the jury he was not going to express an opinion about a matter of fact. That was for them. But he proceeded to do so, by saying that anyone who could see the letter "S" in those marks had a more vivid imagination than he had. He did not qualify that statement by saying that the doctors who had seen the dead man's face (and not only a photograph of it) swore positively that the marks were there, and could not have been put there accidentally, and that, through the natural process following after death, the marks would not be as visible as they were when first inflicted.

The Question of Identification.

Now as to *the all-important question of identification.* Mr. Justice Darling, in charging the jury, referred to the damage done to the prosecution by the publication of photographs and descriptions of Morrison in the newspapers, before the witnesses for the prosecution had identified him. Unfortunately, his Lordship forgot to say to the jury that, assuming Morrison is an innocent man, these photographs and descriptions had without doubt done damage *to him.* If Morrison is an innocent man, and if Beron was in Whitechapel until 2 a.m. on January 1st, the man who was seen with him must have borne a general resemblance, not necessarily a close resemblance, to Morrison. Adolf Beck was, on the testimony of fourteen witnesses who swore to his identity, twice convicted of crimes committed by another man. They were all mistaken. The man for whom Beck was mistaken was by no means his "double," and the witnesses had better opportunities of identification than in the case of Morrison. The identification of Morrison was necessarily of a meagre nature, amounting in no instance to more than a cursory glance, and it must be remembered that it took place in the streets after midnight. Let us now examine the reason given by the Court of Criminal Appeal for refusing to quash the conviction. The Lord Chief Justice said: "This case has involved the anxious consideration of the Court, and if it had been possible for us to usurp the functions which are not committed to us and come to the conclusion that there was some misdirection or some slip which renders the verdict of the jury unsatisfactory, we would not have hesitated to say so. But bearing in mind that we are not entitled to put ourselves in the position of a jury, we can only come to the conclusion that this appeal must be dismissed."

The Powers of the Criminal Appeal Court.

The powers of the Criminal Appeal Court appear to be much wider than this. Sec. 4 (1) *Criminal Appeal Act* says:—"The Court of Criminal Appeal on any such appeal against conviction shall allow the appeal if they think that the verdict of the jury should be set aside on the ground *that it is unreasonable* or cannot be supported, having regard to the evidence, or that the judgment of the Court before whom the appellant was convicted should be set aside on the ground of a wrong decision on any question of law, *or that on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice. . . .*"

Surely, where there was a doubt as to identification, or where a doubt *ought to have existed* in the minds of the jury, taking into account all the circumstances under which the evidence of identification was brought forward, and further when *no evidence whatever* definitely connected Morrison with the murder (the identification only established his going to Clapham Common) and bearing in mind that an accused person is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, the verdict of the jury *was* unreasonable.

I say also that the Court of Criminal Appeal had the power under Section 4, sub-section 1, of the Criminal Appeal Act to quash the conviction, on the ground that it was unreasonable and constituted a miscarriage of justice, and it ought to have done so.

THE SHOPS BILL.

In order to clear up considerable misunderstanding which has arisen, our Editor is reprinting the speech in which he moved the rejection of the Shops Bill, and copies will be forwarded, on application, to any readers desiring same.

A MISSING LINK FOR THE LONELY.

SOME NICE YOUNG PEOPLE FOR A SMALL TEA-PARTY.

Have any of our readers had experience of the Roundabout Club and the English Speakers' Link? Some months ago, one of our Commissioners answered an advertisement, offering introductions to people who felt lonely. He thought he scented something very like a rat, and when he was asked for 5s. he became still more suspicious. However, in the sacred cause of journalism, he persevered, and sent some of our hard-earned money. Then to his horror and disgust he found that his full name and address had been printed in a little periodical leaflet, and for ages he was subjected to an avalanche of letters from foolish persons, mostly of the other sex, evidently so idle that they had nothing better to do than conduct a futile correspondence. They wanted to air their unformed opinions on literature, politics, fortune-telling, and (Oh, delightful vagueness!) "anything interesting." One, presumably trying to be facetious, intimated "dragons adored and gargoyles loved." Many wanted to exchange picture post-cards, while others, still more daring, announced that they were "broad-minded," and asked for assignations.

For such as have not the intrepidity to organise their own assignations, the Club or Link provides tea-parties at private houses, even At Homes at the National Gallery, more elaborate gatherings at a Vegetarian restaurant, and such thrilling entertainments as "English Speakers' Coffee Parties." It all sounds very silly and futile, and we very much doubt whether any useful acquaintance was ever made by means of advertisement.

A MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENT.

A WORD WITH CADBURY'S.

We are a little surprised that such eminently good men as the Messrs. Cadbury should allow an essentially misleading advertisement of their goods to appear. We have before us a copy of a newspaper in which there is the following statement, which takes the shape of a half-page advertisement :—

A CUP OF
CADBURY'S
COCOA
IS
A MEAL IN ITSELF,
COMPLETE IN ALL
THE REQUIREMENTS
OF A PERFECT FOOD.

We are bound to characterise that statement as very misleading and untrue, and we find it difficult to believe that Messrs. Cadbury know so little about the principles of dietetics as to be unaware of its falsity.

One of the highest authorities on dietetics is Dr. Robert Hutchinson, and this is what he says about cocoa in his "Food and the Principles of Dietetics" :—

> Tea and coffee are in no sense foods, in that they neither build up the tissues nor provide them with potential energy. . . . The place of cocoa in the diet is not really very different from that of tea and coffee. An examination of the chemical composition of cocoa might lead one to suppose that it was of considerable nutriment. But that would be a mistake. Theoretically, cocoa is a food, but practically it is not, the reason being that so little of it can be taken at a time. It takes about 10 grammes of cocoa to make a breakfast cupful of the beverage, and, assuming the average composition given already, this would yield about 40 calories of energy. It would, therefore, require 75 such cupfuls to yield the total amount of potential energy demanded of the body daily—obviously an impossible quantity.

And yet, according to Messrs. Cadbury, the 75th part of the food demanded by the body daily—that is to say, a cupful of Cadbury's cocoa—is "a meal in itself"!

THE "MISSING LINK" COMPETITION.
Unique and Fascinating Recreation.
£100 IN PRIZES WEEKLY. See MRS. BULL.

DEBT COLLECTORS AND THEIR DUPES.

A WARNING TO TRADESMEN.

We frequently receive complaints of debt-collecting agencies, debtors complaining, that tricky circulars are prepared, generally on blue paper, so as to resemble judicial documents. There may even be such headings as "In Such and Such County Court, before his Honour Judge So and So," followed by an impertinent demand or mysterious menaces. The result is that some timid old lady, or other person unlearned in the law, jumps to the hasty conclusion that judgment has been given against her. She may not owe all or any of the money claimed, but pays in a panic.

On the other hand, debt-collecting agencies fail to satisfy creditors. Either they content themselves with making a few mild requests for payment and then send in a bill for their trouble; or else they do extort payment from debtors and appropriate most of the proceeds as expenses. Here is an example of the latter scandal. A small bootmaker put himself into the hands of Freeman and Lambourne, who call themselves the London and Provincial General Accountancy Offices (12, Theobalds Row, Holborn). In process of time they collected 2s. 5d. from one debtor, 3s. 6d. from another, and 1s. as part payment from a third, making a total of 6s. 11d. On this they charged a commission of 2s., described as "2s. in the £ or part thereof." Not content with this they demanded also 6s. 9d. for "correspondence, postage, stationery, etc., on preliminary letters to debtors, letters in answer to their replies, wants, arrangements, delays, etc., arrear and other notice letters between their instalments, letters to you of acknowledgment, of Not Found cases, of notice of reply, of debtors requiring particulars of account, on reports as to how cases proceeding, statement. Receipts sent to debtors per post for each of their payments and instalments. Printed and lithographed forms and notices, addressed envelopes, date and other slips, note headings, postcards. Paid to Post Office 2½ per cent. for changing stamps sent by debtors in payment of their instalments. Cheque or P.O.O. in remitting. Receipt stamps, etc."

No doubt all this sounds as if they had been very busy indeed, but that did not necessarily afford any huge satisfaction to the unfortunate bootmaker, who had worried and alienated a number of his clients, with the only result that he was called upon to remit "per return" 1s. 10d. to Freeman and Lambourne for their trouble.

We hope this little experience will serve as a lesson to tradesmen not to put themselves and their business into the hands of harpies of this kind.

By the way, Freeman and Lambourne's methods appear to be identical with those of "I. A. Hardy and Company," of 71-2, Chancery Lane, upon which we have several times commented, but who now appear quiescent.

A "FREE PARDON."

THE NEW ZEALAND WAY.

Most of our readers must at some time or another have marvelled at the curious procedure followed in this country when a man who has been convicted of a disgraceful offence is found to be innocent. As if to add insult to injury, the Sovereign is made to "pardon" him for an offence of which he is guiltless. In New Zealand there seems to be a better way, but we have never heard of the procedure being followed except on this one occasion. Mr. J. Meikle was, in November, 1887, arrested on a charge of sheep stealing, and he was convicted at the Supreme Court in the following month. The evidence against him was the practically uncorroborated testimony of the informer. The judge who tried him was interested in the company which prosecuted. Ultimately, Mr. Meikle was imprisoned for five years, and after being reduced from prosperity to poverty he was found to be innocent. The New Zealand Legislature gave him £2,500, and offered a "pardon," but this he refused on the ground that there was nothing to pardon. He insisted on a reversal of the judgment, and as the result of his persistence an Act was passed to "reverse the conviction of John James Meikle on a charge on sheep stealing."

They do some things better in New Zealand than over here

A PLEA FOR THE PUBLICAN.

A WORD FOR A MUCH MALIGNED MAN.

By M. H.

One of the meanest of the hypocrisies with which recent taxes on "the Trade" were bolstered up was that which pretended that the Chancellor was going to get at the fountain head—tax the brewer and distiller—and remove some of the gross hardships suffered by "tied-house tenants."

Before Mr. Lloyd George set about "emancipating" him, the lot of the "tied-house tenant" was hard enough. He was charged 20 per cent. more for beer than the ordinary public could buy the same quality for from the brewers, and 4s. 6d. per case more for whisky, and was "tied" for everything he sold.

He was up to the neck in a morass of legislation when Mr. Lloyd George valiantly came to his rescue and proclaimed the intention of giving him his charter of freedom. He did this by giving the brewer the power to charge the "tied-house tenant" 7s. to 7s. 6d. per case more for whisky, and similarly to increase the price of every article the "tied-house" serf sells. He tied around the publican's neck the millstone of the extra licence duty and gleefully watched the morass engulf him.

Has the Chancellor a Conscience?

I doubt if he has a conscience in a really serviceable condition. He may have a something that does duty for one—the sort of a thing that distorts everything, like the concave and convex mirrors outside cheap eating-houses, but, of a really genuine conscience, unspotted, pure, clean-smelling and wholesome, I doubt if he possesses more than the rudiments. In spite of all his crocodile tears over the woes of the publicans, he has, as experts knew would be the case, allowed the brewer and distiller to shift every burden on to the back of the publican, and, if the publican is a "tied-house tenant," Mr. Lloyd George has provided the brewers and distillers with further fetters with which to manacle him. I will illustrate this by an example of the action of one of the biggest owners of "tied houses" in the United Kingdom. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget gave them the opening, and they now insist that their tenants shall buy "wines, spirits and cordials" from *one specifically named firm*, and they demand a regular account of the quantity purchased. As this "tie upon a tie" binds the publican to the brewer for everything, he is doomed to destruction as surely as the turtle marked "Soup to-morrow." The brewer and distiller can evict him without compensation, and confiscate his goodwill and the money he paid to get into the house. If the publican were an Irish tenant, John Redmond and some eighty Irish M.P.'s would "play hell" in the House of Commons and demand justice, but as he is only an honest, well-meaning and law-observing Englishman, not one of his representatives cares a straw about him.

An Apropos Satire on the Brewers.

The latest development of one of the largest brewers in the world is to tie their "tied-house tenants" for "fags," and to notify the serfs that they expect them specially to push and create a big trade for "Stinkadoras" in place of "Tobcabagios." This great firm have, I am informed, got their eye on a possible new source of revenue—one upon which Sam Weller waxed eloquent when he said: "'It's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a-pointing to a very nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal or kidney, 'cording to the demand, and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beefsteak or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one of 'em a mutton at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites vary.'" One of their victims sends me the following circular, which may not be genuine, but is certainly *ben trovato*:—

> Sir or Madam,—The great success which has attended our experiment for the purification of the public taste in cigarettes (by compelling our Tenants to sell only the packet advertising our Ales and Stout) has induced us to try and extend the principle in another direction.
>
> For the achievement of this object we have purchased as a going concern the splendid business of Messrs. Knacker and Co., Horse Carcass Dealers, Equine Slaughterers and Feline Food Purveyors, and we hereby give you notice that on and after the quarter-day next ensuing, we shall insist that (according to the amount of barrelage) each of our customers shall keep one, two or three female cats, and must draw your attention to the fact that all orders must come through this Brewery.
>
> Every skewer will be branded and numbered, and must be handed to our collector when he calls, and a bonus discount will be given to the customer who has the most skewers.
>
> Yours faithfully,

A Vindictive and an Immoral Policy.

There is not a parson, magistrate, Cabinet minister, member of Parliament, or person in any position of trust in the kingdom, whose character suffers so searching an investigation as does that of the holder of a public-house licence, and the least stain or flaw debars him from holding it. Police inquiries are made into his life for five to seven years prior to his application for a licence, his testimonials are rigorously investigated, and unless he is in every way absolutely *sans reproche* his application is refused. His business necessitates his watchful care from early morn till night, and he must permit no drunken or disorderly persons to use his premises. He has to be a physiognomist, a medical man and a pugilist, all in one, and be able to hustle the strongest navvy out of the tap-room should he start a row and refuse to leave. Nonconformist Chadbands and temperance fanatics, with foul mendacity, invariably picture the publican as a bloated being whose one aim is to encourage drunkenness, whereas if they took the trouble to enquire, observe, and had the thinking capacity to form an honest opinion, they would know that the drunken man is the publican's worst enemy and the one he loathes, because—apart from the trouble he creates—a drunken or quarrelsome person will clear a bar of customers as quickly as a cry of "Fire!" empties a theatre. What justification, then, is there for this persistent persecution of the publican and the driving of so many honest men out of a necessary and legitimate calling, ruined by harsh taxation?

The Killjoy's Attitude.

Thoughtful men everywhere see the evils of the modern drinking-den, the bar with no seats, the public-house with no games, the gin-shop where all is glare and hurry. "Drink quick and make way for others" is the motto to-day, thanks to the "Killjoys," who see Satan lurking in a skittle-alley, a devil in every draught or domino, and smell perdition itself in "darts," "rings" or "coddem." The sight of a man after a hard day's work relaxing himself in one of these harmless games lashes them to frenzy. Why will men pursue games and avoid Little Bethels? Lord Lamington and other social observers have discovered why; it is because the working men are sick unto death of being preached at by shallow, mendacious and malevolent Chadbands. Cant and hypocrisy are at their zenith to-day polluting the Cabinet and creating a Press that fills with loathing every clean-minded man.

The Enemy of the People.

Voltaire said, "*Ecrasez l'infâme.*" The abominable thing to-day is the foul thing offensively called the "Nonconformist conscience." Its professors realise that their power is waning, their membership is steadily decreasing, the mass of the people are becoming disgusted with their narrow-minded bigotry and hypocrisy, and the fresh air, the sight of the sky, the song of birds and the beauties of the countryside are preferred to dreary drivel. The cinematograph is a better preacher and teacher than most of the professional "spiritual guides"—many of whom willingly go to pander to America's oil and steel kings—on princely salaries. It is the duty of every clean-minded man and woman to expose, attack and break this enemy of England. We want rational Sundays and clean, wholesome amusements, but the people's enemies—the Chadbands—rule our city and town councils and blight all they touch.

Justice for Publicans and Public.

The Pharisees have had too long an innings; they have made Sunday, wherever they have power, a day of misery; they drive pleasure-seekers in hundreds of thousands to spend their money in foreign health resorts; they have closed skittle-alleys and hand-ball courts; banished dominoes, darts, rings, and all harmless games. The abolition of the free publican is bad for the country and for the people.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT BROGDEN AND AN EX-CONVICT.

INTERESTING TRIBUTE TO A KINDLY OFFICER.

On the fourth day of the Police Enquiry with reference to the evidence given at the Clapham murder trial, we received the following letter:—

I should like to tell you, or one of your reporters, what Detective-Sergeant Brogden did for me when he gave me my seven years and ticket. I can give you some particulars that will astonish you.

From the general tone of the letter we formed the idea that this ex-convict might have had some valuable evidence that would go to clear Morrison, and accordingly we despatched our Special Commissioner at once to see him. His report, which will no doubt be read with interest, shows how mistaken we were! In the circumstances, we feel that we must, in justice to Sergeant Brogden, give it publication.

I think this ex-convict is one of the most peculiar men that ever I met in my life—peculiar as regards the strange mixture of good and evil. I interviewed him in his little one-room tenement. It was as clean and tidy as a convict's cell, but it contained articles of furniture and even a piano and a wife. "You don't find these luxuries in prison," I said to the gentleman I was about to interview. How he laughed! "No," he said. "But one never knows. Perhaps it will come to that some day." Then he had another outburst of the most genuine laughter that ever I have had the good fortune to hear.

The man is 56 years of age, and he has spent 36 years in prison. He started off with 20 months for obtaining money under false pretences. For similar offences he has served periods of five years, six years, two doses of seven years, and one of eight years.

His last arrest was effected by Detective-Sergeant Brogden. While on the way to the police-station he drew a knife, and but for being quickly disarmed, he would have plunged it into the body of his captor. He was charged and convicted. As he himself puts it, "It was a clear case. Seven years' hard. Back to 'stir' once more." While awaiting removal, Brogden went to see him in his cell and asked him if he did not think he had had sufficient of prison life. The usual reply was given,—*i.e.*, that a ticket-of-leave man had no alternative but to return to a life of crime, because no one would give him employment. The detective evidently thought there was some truth in the story, for his last words to the prisoner, as he shook him by the hand, were: "Never mind; cheer up. When you come out of prison, if you can't find work, don't go back to your old tricks again, but make enquiries for me, and I will try and help you." These few kind words had a wonderful effect upon the man. They were a novelty. During those long seven years he dwelt on them, and he resolved to run straight when once he regained his liberty.

He served his time, then back into the world again, only to find that he was up against the same old temptations. For days he tramped the streets in search of work. He failed. Not till he was on the verge of starvation did he think of Brogden and his promise. Then he decided to look him up. After two days' search he found him, explained his position, and reminded the detective of the promise he made years before. Brogden was as good as his word. Leaving the police-station, he walked out with the ex-convict, took him to a lodging-house, and told the keeper to supply food and shelter until such time as work was found. Finding work was easier said than done. But at the end of ten days Brogden found it, and although the ticket-of-leave man was over fifty years of age, he entered upon his first job in civilian life. That is now three years ago. He is satisfied with his place, and his master does not wish for a better servant.

As I left that little tenement, the happy couple pointed to a clock that stood on the mantelpiece. "That clock was given to us on our wedding day by the Court Missionary. And that letter in the frame above is a letter from Brogden wishing us luck." And as I threaded my way into the main street, I said to myself, "Surely there is much good in that ex-convict—and in that detective."

We endorse our Commissioner's view. Would that there were more Brogdens in the force!

THE "STAR FURNISHING COMPANY."

OUTRAGEOUS TREATMENT OF A CUSTOMER.

Opinions may differ as to the advisability of furnishing on the hire system, but they will be unanimous that, once a person has decided to purchase goods by instalment, he should deal with a firm that will treat him honestly. For sheer blackguardly conduct we think the following case will be hard to beat. And in recording this one particular instance, it is our duty to mention that it is but one of several complaints that we have received about the same firm.

On May 3rd, 1910, Mr. Propper, of Lewis Buildings, Islington, purchased from the Star Furnishing Company goods to the value of £6 4s. 6d. He paid 6s. deposit, and agreed to instalments of 1s. 6d. weekly until the account was settled. At the beginning of March he received a letter from the firm informing him that he was in arrears, and that if he did not pay up the goods would be removed. To this he immediately replied that the firm had made a mistake, as he was fully paid up, and asked for a statement of the account. The reply of the Company is before us, and reads as follows:—

> We are extremely sorry that you received a notice from us threatening to remove the goods you have on hire. Owing to a clerical error the arrears had been reckoned wrongly in our ledger, and we trust you will accept our apologies for same.

So far so good. This letter was received on March 14th. On March 25th, two men with a van called at the Buildings and demanded the goods. Mr. Propper being at work, his wife answered the door. No sooner had she opened it than both men rushed in, knocking her down in doing so. It took Mrs. Propper some time to understand what they wanted; when, however, she realised their errand, she asked them to wait a few moments till she went for her husband. At first they refused and used abusive language. She then fetched the porter and the superintendent of the Buildings. To these people also the firm's hirelings were most abusive. However, the woman managed to get away, and eventually her husband arrived on the scene. From him they demanded the sum of £3. Of course it was impossible for Propper to pay this amount. Then they endeavoured to get one pound. This also was refused. Some of the goods were removed into the van, when suddenly Propper thought of the letter of March 14th, which we have already quoted. This he showed to the firm's men. After reading it they accepted the sum of 6s. 6d. and replaced the furniture. As a matter of fact, on the instalment basis he had already overpaid 1s. 6d.

The brutal treatment received by Mrs. Propper at the hands of the firm's hired ruffians is likely to have serious effect. She is a woman with three little children, and in a very weak state of health. Since the incident she has been under treatment by a medical man, and from his certificate, which is now before us, the case seems grave.

A firm of this sort should be given a wide berth. They have shops at Balls Pond Road, East Ham, Camden Town, Croydon, Seven Sisters Road, Highbury, Harringay, Tottenham High Road, Peckham, Enfield, Walthamstow, Stoke Newington, Fulham, and Walham Green.

OFFICERS' WIDOWS.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of April 1st we stated that the annual pension of the widow of an officer with 23 years' service would be £300. Shoals of letters reach us saying we are wrong. On looking up the Royal Warrant again, we find that the pension of the widow of a Colonel is £200. One little item, however, that we did not mention, is that the widow, in addition to the pension, may also be granted a gratuity of £600. We don't grudge the ladies this amount. Our object was to draw the attention of the public, and incidentally Parliament, to the bad treatment, in comparision, of the widows of some of the rank and file.

"CAN ENGLISHMEN LOVE?"

For an Interesting Article on this Important Subject, see Next Tuesday's "MRS. BULL."

THE AKBAR REFORMATORY SCANDAL.

MORE PROTESTS BY WITNESSES AT THE RECENT ENQUIRY.—THE BISHOP OF CHESTER TO THE RESCUE.—HOME SECRETARY'S ADMISSIONS.

We make no apology for again referring to this scandal. Scandal it is, in all truth! Following the protests published last week from witnesses at the recent Enquiry, we give below another—this time from Mrs. Adam, the late Nurse-Matron:—

STATEMENT BY MRS. ADAM, LATE NURSE-MATRON.

Well may the Home Office hold these secret Enquiries, and allow no one to protect witnesses, for the insults I received and the horrid bullying I was subjected to at the hands of the lawyer and Mr. Masterman would easily break the spirit of the most ardent reformer. I only desired to speak the truth respecting the cruelties I had witnessed, and naturally I looked on Mr. Masterman as a gentleman who would at least protect a woman, but Mr. Masterman himself assisted the lawyer by passing sarcastic remarks at intervals.

I was absolutely disgusted at the way the Enquiry was conducted, and both the lawyer and Mr. Masterman had been well-posted by Beuttler, for in many cases they gave me the lie direct. According to the lawyer, these poor Akbar boys had been receiving *five* meals per day, when it is a known fact that when the sore legs were prevalent (through standing on the feet for such long periods) as many as 70 boys for weeks at a time had only received two meals per day—breakfast 8 a.m. and dinner 1 p.m. The evening meal was taken from them because they had sore legs. Many of these poor lads were brought to me in a collapsed condition—simply through lack of food. I notice in Mr. Masterman's Report that my 2½ hours' evidence simply states I was against the "System" under which Beuttler ran the school, and I desire to say that I agree with Mr. Masterman that the "System" must be wrong, for it is a system which allows of a boy to be brought to me sick, and the boy dies in less than half-an-hour. I speak of the death of the boy Brown, and I quite agree with my husband that that case was nothing less than murder.

No matter how many deaths occurred, neither the Home Office officials nor the doctor seemed to care, as no inquiries were held. The Committee never visited the school, but the death certificates were always ready.

I wonder will witnesses at the forthcoming Enquiry into Reformatory Schools receive any better treatment?

THE BISHOP TO THE RESCUE.

The Authorities of the School have, however, found a champion in the Bishop of Chester—a Father in God. That prelate has thought fit to address a letter to the Committee expressing his admiration of the management and his contempt for those who arraigned it. The Bishop had never any anxiety as to the issue of the investigation. He had been told of the "healthier and brighter look of the boys since they have been at Heswall." He knew that "the school is one not only to be tolerated, but to be proud of," and that "Mr. Beuttler would be satisfied with nothing but the repute of its being the best school of its kind." And so my Lord read with whole-hearted agreement, and without surprise, Mr. Masterman's description of JOHN BULL's indictment as "sensational," "random and reckless," "pure fiction." In the opinion of the Bishop, Mr. Masterman's description "does not err on the side of severity." Indeed, he would have liked it to have been stronger—still more unsparing in the denunciation of those wretched scribblers who suggested that gross cruelties had been perpetrated at the School. Then the Bishop descends to analysis.

Mr. Masterman, he said, "could find only two cases" during the years of Mr. Beuttler's superintendency of punishment that invited defence. The first was the muffling and gagging of the boys. The Bishop thinks that "much might be said for it" on the score of both humanity and efficiency, though it "would not bear repeating." How a punishment for which much might be said from both the point of view of humanity and efficiency is not one that should be repeated, we leave to his Lordship to explain. Then there was a "second mistake." His Lordship does not specify it, but apparently it refers to keeping the boys standing up all night. To this he says, "Well done, but it should not be done again." It "was admittedly a mistake, but there was a wholesome impulse in its irregularity." Once more we are puzzled to know why a punishment which so much commends itself to "persons experienced in education," should not be repeated.

If his Lordship read the Report he must know that it was a Report written by a man determined to admit nothing to the prejudice of the persons arraigned. And he would have known too that this Report, the result of a bitterly partisan Enquiry, contained admissions which, as pointed out in the House of Commons by speaker after speaker, must shock and anger every man who has an atom of humanity in him. But the Bishop reads it unmoved. To him it is natural and right that boys should be flogged unmercifully; natural and right that they should be flogged when almost at the very portals of death; natural and right that they should be drenched with cold and almost freezing water in an outhouse on a winter's morning; natural and right that they should be kept standing through the whole of a night under conditions sufficient to test the physical endurance of the hardiest; natural and right that they should be muffled and gagged in order that the passer-by on the highway shall not be attracted by their cries; natural and right that the notification required by the law when death occurs shall not be made to the coroner!

WHAT SAYS THE BISHOP TO THIS?

Let us take a concrete instance of the value of the Bishop's testimony. He says that he "had received from the ex-Chaplain, Mr. Kittermaster, in several conversations, most cordial and unreserved testimony to the excellency of Mr. Beuttler's management," etc.

And now let us turn to page 15 of Mr. Masterman's Report: "Mr. Kittermaster recognised that 'something was wrong with the school,' and he 'felt it so much that he lost all heart;' that 'the boys were smarting under a sense of being unfairly treated, and . . . . in spite of all superficial smartness and paper returns,' they 'were turning out heartless and hardened boys, in essentials unreformed.'" We leave the Bishop to explain his letter as best he can.

HOME SECRETARY'S ADMISSIONS.

During the past week we have succeeded in extracting various important admissions from Mr. Churchill. He admits that upon the close of the Enquiry the officers of the school received gratuities in the shape of a month's extra pay; he admits that a shorthand note of a portion of the proceedings was taken, but declines to publish it; he admits that antiseptic dressings for the boys' cuts and bruises were provided by "one of the under officers," despite Mr. Masterman's statement, in his Report, that he "could find no boy who had been medically treated after the canings." As regards the pending prosecution of Mr. Reynolds, the late cook-steward—and one of the principal witnesses at the Enquiry—we say nothing more—*at present.*

A HARSH DECISION.

A correspondent sends us a complaint which seems to be well founded. He tells us that on Saturday morning, March 25th, his younger brother, who is in the Navy, was requested by wire to come home at once, if at all possible, as his mother was dying. His parents were living at Melton Constable, Norfolk, and his ship was lying at Portland. He got leave of absence, but unfortunately arrived in London too late to get home that night. There is no train service on Sunday to the place, and so he had to wait until Monday morning before he could get there. He arrived only to learn that his mother was dead. He was her youngest child, and deeply attached to her. Prostrated with grief, he wired back to his ship for extension of leave so as to enable him to attend the funeral, which was to take place on Wednesday, the 29th. The reply to this telegram was a refusal, which ran:—

"Not granted, ship sailing."

Now, as a matter of fact, his ship, the *Shannon*, was only going for a cruise around the Scottish coast, where he could have joined her at any time. Our correspondent thinks that the lad might have been granted a couple of days' extra leave, having regard to the circumstances, and we think that most of our readers will agree.

IPSWICH AND MUSIC.

Some little time ago the Estate Committee of the Ipswich Corporation were offered the services of the band of the Suffolk Yeomanry, to play in Christ Church Park voluntarily on Sundays. The band is an excellent one, composed of an ex-Army bandmaster and professionals; no amateurs. The offer was refused, but since then the Town Clerk has communicated with the band, inviting them to play in Christ Church Park on every other Wednesday afternoon during June, July and August for the magnificent fee of £3 7s. This really looks like adding insult to injury. The band is twenty strong, so that the fee works out at a fraction over 3s. 3d. per man.

Seeing that the Salvation Army band and other nuisances are allowed to make all the noise they like on Sundays, whilst the voluntary services of a good band are declined, we must assume that good music is at a discount with the members of the Estate Committee of the Ipswich Corporation.

"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN CANADA.

A Halifax correspondent sends us a cutting from the *Toronto Daily Star*. Here it is:—

> In the rotunda of the Rossin House yesterday afternoon three American bands gave an excellent concert programme and the place was simply packed with an enthusiastic audience. At the close of the concert the musicians stood up and played "The Star Spangled Banner," and instantly every American man and woman in the rotunda arose to their feet. The men took off their hats. Then the bands played "God Save the King," but there wasn't a sign of a movement on the part of the Canadians present, nor were the hats doffed. Queer, wasn't it? Canadians are evidently becoming more democratic, and Americans more demonstrative.

We are not suggesting that the National Anthem is not honoured at Canadian public assemblies as a rule, but the above report is not to be ignored in trying to ascertain the drift of Canadian public opinion.

THE "JOHN BULL" BIOSCOPE.

A series of Bioscope views, depicting how JOHN BULL and *Mrs. Bull* are produced, is being shown in various towns and cities on the cinematograph of the "John Bull Entertainment." To-day (Thursday) the car will be in Appledore, Kent; Saturday, Rye; Monday (Bank Holiday), Hastings (near Harbour Offices); Tuesday, Hastings; Wednesday, Battle; and readers and their friends in the districts should not fail to see these well-known periodicals "in the making."

"LETTERS FROM JANE ANN."—In an early issue we shall commence a new series of these letters by Moore Anking. It will be remembered that the previous series created widespread interest.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXXVII.

WORK WANTED BY A MAN WITH SIX CHILDREN.

We have made enquiries into this case and a surprise visit to the home, if it may be called such. We are satisfied that the statements of the writer are true, and that the case is eminently deserving of help. If any of our readers will assist this poor family in their extremity, they may take it from us that they will be helping a deserving case.

> I am writing to you as I have been out of work *six months*, and I have a wife expecting an increase very near, and a family of six children, of 12 years, 10½ years, 9½ years, 7 years, 4 years, 16 months; wife not able to do any work, being so bad. I have been all over the place trying to get work, but everywhere the same—nothing to be got. I have got my name down at the Labour Exchanges for work, and I have worked for the Ealing Council picking and sweeping the roads, but they have stopped that. I don't mind what work I do, and I thoroughly understand the removal work, loading, packing, drive one to four horses, age 35 years; abstainer. I have been in business for myself, but failed, and it seems hard for a healthy strong young man not to be able to get work, as I don't mind what I do—it is for the children's and wife's sake I am sending to see if you can help me. I have been to the Central Aid Society to see if they could help me, and they sent someone to see me and my wife, and they said that all they could do was to send us to Canada. My wife asked the lady if she could give her some bread for the children, as they had none to eat all day. And the lady said she could not just then, until she had put it before the committee. And we heard nothing more from them. I have been obliged to have the parish doctor to see the wife, as she is so poorly, and he said she wants more nourishing things. He has given her a letter to have milk daily, and the vicar has been to see us and given us a little help, as he said it is a great pity for us, trying as we do, and hoping against hope something will turn up before the wife is bad in bed. If I could get any kind of work I am willing to do it, wherever it is. If you can help me to get work I shall be so thankful to you for the sake of the wife and children. It is so hard. I don't see why I should emigrate to Canada whilst I am willing to do any work, and an Englishman. I thought you might be able to help me in my great trouble to get work. I have a good character, and wife also willing for anyone to take up or inquire into. I am expecting to lose my home without I can pay my rent, and it is very hard for a happy little family to be placed as I am.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CXXX.—C. B., 1s.

CXXXII.—T. C. L., 5s.

CXXXIII.—"Yorkshire Woman," 2s. 6d.

CXXXIV.—"In Memory of Dora," 5s.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; "Nora," 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.

CXXXV.—R. Shattock, 5s.; W. Kirby, 1s.; E. M., 5s.; "Artilleryman," 2s.; "Jock," 21s.; "Painter," 1s.; E. B., 5s.; "Soldier," 1s. 6d.; "One Who Will Pray for You," 2s. 6d.; E. K., 2s. 6d.; "Paddy," 5s.; L. S., 6d.; "Maude," 1s.; "Buckingham," 5s.; R. H. M. T., 3s.; R. D., 2s. 6d.; M. B., 2s. 6d.; O. S. H., 5s.; "Tariff Reformer," 1s.; "Walter," 5s.

CXXXVI.—J. J. J., 4s.; T. W., 2s.; "Honest Freemason," 5s.; A. C. T., 3s. 3d.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(*The finding of David Davies will be welcome news to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, and the sheep at Dartmoor.*)

Back to the sheep he loved and to the fold
His friends triumphantly the shepherd bore,
While he, o'erjoyed by his reception, told
His flock that from them he would ne'er Dartmoor.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

(*Admiral Count Togo, the victor of the Sea of Japan, is to be a representative of the Emperor of Japan at the Coronation.*)

Welcome with trumpet and with drum!
We're happy for Togo to come;
And may the hours serenely flow
Until they time Togo to go.

RICARDO.

IS CANADA WORTH KEEPING?—IX.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS AT WORK.

THE POSITION IN TORONTO—THE HOMESTEADER'S HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS.

Our Commissioner at Toronto writes:—With the advance of the season, industrial conditions in the cities have improved, and the army of the unemployed are gradually finding work, though outdoor employment is still largely of an intermittent character. There is, however, every prospect that the coming summer is going to be a busy season, and no doubt by the time that the special correspondents of the British press and other seekers for information as to Canadian conditions make their usual summer trips, they will be able to report, with a show of truth, that there is "work for everyone in Canada" and "more labour needed." A winter journey would show them the reverse side of the medal, but that would neither be so pleasant personally, nor the observations recorded so appreciated by those interested in booming Canada.

Meanwhile immigration has started with a rush. New comers from both Britain and the States are pouring in. Last week some 10,000 landed in Montreal.

It is the same old story that has been regularly repeated year after year for a generation at least. A rush of immigrants in the spring, anxiously welcomed by farmers clamorous for help, hard work from daylight to sunset until the cold weather sets in, and then—"Live horse and you will get grass," back to the city for the hired man, to be speedily absorbed in the slums either as labourer or vagrant, a competitor in the congested wage market or a waif living on the doles of the charitable, but never again, except in very rare instances, a rural worker. The census and the Bureau of Industry Returns tell the story plainly enough.

Our Commissioner on the "Free Lands" sends us the following interesting communication:—

The Homesteader.

He is the man in this country who takes up a free grant of 160 acres of land. To meet him you have to go far from the railway line. The nearest fringe of free lands lies twenty miles from the tracks, and before I got to the new settlers I had to travel by sleigh fully thirty-five miles.

Reading the Government and carrying companies' pamphlets at home in England, one would think that the free grant of land meant an earthly paradise for the homesteader. The ignorant British farmer reads the glowing sentences, and sits back and dreams glorious dreams. He closes his eyes, and conjures up that grand picture of the homesteader out in a motor-car superintending his reapers, with his children romping around, a steam thresher in the middle distance, and in the background a set of palatial houses and barns and byres owned and occupied by the homesteader.

It is time for the Briton to be told what homesteading really is. The emigrant leaves England, and crosses the Atlantic to Halifax, all the time reminded that he is but a mere third-class man by the stewards and others on the vessel. His money is in the till of the company.

Hardships of the Rail Journey.

Arrived at Halifax, he is bustled ashore with his boxes and other gear, probably including his wife and children. Before this, he has been inspected, with his baggage, by a doctor and various Customs officials, who think themselves lords of creation and the passengers pigs. Then he passes into a huge wilderness of a wooden hall, where he must wait until the train is ready to whisk him off into the country. It may be an hour; it may be twelve hours. But there he must stay, keeping watch over his belongings. He may go to the snack shop for a bite of food; but if he does so he must get somebody to go sentry.

In the course of time there is a shout of "all aboard," and the train starts. Through the night and the next day he goes along jiggety-jog; but unless somebody has given him the tip to take food with him, heaven be his helper. Every seat in the train is packed, and he must sleep sitting up. Outside, the thermometer is about zero, and there is frost-bite in the air. Inside, the carriage is roasting hot. For the heat is regulated by a thin-blooded half-nigger attendant, who piles it on to suit his own constitution. If you pointed out to him that the heat was making all the immigrants faint and some of them physically sick, he would retort, "To h—— with them. I am boss here." Each carriage carries a filter, with a tin mug that is common to all the passengers. The terrible heat engenders great thirst, and you would drink out of that tin mug with relish even though a leper had had the drink before you.

Arrived at "Way Back."

Let me pass quickly from Halifax to Montreal, and from Montreal through the land of small timber and Nonconformist unction, across the flat, snow-laden prairie to Winnipeg. You get there in full time, barring railway accidents, which are a feature of Canada as they are of the States. You go to the immigrants' hall here and seek for advice, and with the help of Providence you find yourself looking for the precious 160 acres thrown at you by the Canadian Government. If you were dumped down on the same extent of country in your own England, you would wonder what you would do with it. In Canada you are left in no doubt. You pay ten dollars—roughly £2—for entry, and you are bound to reside on that bit of land for six months out of each of the first three years, fence the plot, and cultivate a fixed proportion per year.

The man from home has got his land, and has, say, £25 in his pocket, which seems to him a large sum. What has he to do? Well, in the first place he must have a house to sleep in. There is a crack-brained idea at home that every settler is welcomed with open arms—that his neighbours crowd around and shake him by the hand, kill the fatted calf to feed all the volunteer workers, knock down a lot of trees and get into harness, and—hey presto! before the new-comer knows where he is, a five-roomed loghouse has been erected for him. Not so. The new-comer gets his 160 acres and looks at them—a big slice of empty prairie land. He may have to go many miles single-handed for the timber to erect his house with, and he must find out the Dominion Lands Agent to obtain a permit to cut on Government lands the following:—

> 3,000 lineal feet of building timber, measuring no more than twelve inches at the butt. (He must take his measuring tape or get along into trouble);
>
> 400 roofing poles;
>
> 2,000 fencing rails and 500 fence posts seven feet long and not exceeding five inches in diameter at the small end (here the measuring tape comes in handy again); and 30 cords of dry fuel, wood, or firewood.

If you exceed the quantity or the measurement, you commit a crime. You may obtain the timber within five miles of the free land; you may have to go twenty or thirty miles for it. You have to bang down the trees after having measured them; you have to lop off the branches and to trim the trunks, and you have to trek them to your "location." Then you may begin to build your house. You may do it yourself, which is something of a hefty job; otherwise, you will have to hire well-paid labour.

"THE GENTLE ART OF FEE-SNATCHING."

BRITISH FINANCE COMPANY'S REPUDIATION.

In reference to the article in last week's issue, under this heading, Messrs. Tredgold and Narlian, solicitors, of 71, Lincoln's Inn Fields, write us as follows:—

Our clients, the British Finance Company, have no connection with, or interest whatever in, the Commercial Advance Company, and take the greatest exception to the association of their name with that Company, as they most strongly deprecate any such tactics.

With reference to the particular paragraph in the article dealing with the prosecution of one John Henry Ashton Moyle, it would seem evident from our instructions that your informants have not given you the correct facts, and we now take this opportunity of stating them correctly to you, in order that in your next issue you may do our clients the justice of inserting an explanation to correct, as far as possible, the damage, annoyance and consequent loss that our clients have sustained by this article, which conveys an entirely false impression.

Our instructions are that our clients had in their employ the defendant Moyle, who was subsequently discharged, and apparently got the Commercial Advance Company to give him employment.

After Moyle had been discharged, it appears that an intending borrower living at Willenhall applied to our clients for a loan and not having done business with them, afterwards applied to the Commercial Advance Company, who immediately sent a man (Moyle) to see the applicant.

As transpired at the Police Court, Moyle was at once interrogated by the intending borrower as to whence he came, and the name of the British Finance Company having been mentioned, Moyle immediately stated that he came from them, which was false, and in support of his contention produced stationery and letter headings, which he had apparently retained in his possession after leaving our clients' employment.

Our clients have received no fees or money whatever from the prosecutor, and this was made quite clear at the Police Court proceedings. Moyle, when prosecuted, was, and still is, in the employ of the Commercial Advance Company, and was not in any way connected with our clients.

We shall be glad if you will insert this in your paper so that your readers may see that our clients have nothing whatever to do with the matter, except that their name unfortunately appeared in the report.

While expressing regret for any annoyance to which the British Finance Company may have been put owing to the extraordinary metamorphosis of Moyle, in view of his apparently double duplicity, we think it is the more to be deplored that Moyle and his employer, Swyers (*alias* the Commercial Advance Company) should go scot free.

MR. PAUL TAYLOR EXPLAINS.

COURTEOUS LETTER FROM THE MARYLEBONE MAGISTRATE.

Apropos of our "Open Letter" to him in last week's issue, Mr. Paul Taylor, the Marylebone magistrate, writes that the reason the lenient sentence of a month's imprisonment in the second division was imposed upon Mrs. French, who was guilty of gross cruelty towards an adopted child, was a natural desire that a woman in her physical state should not be put to hard labour. In sentencing her, Mr. Taylor expressed his regret that he was consequently unable to punish her as she deserved, though he refused the option of a fine, which was pressed for by the husband.

We are sorry that the newspaper report upon which our comment was based, did not mention the important fact to which Mr. Taylor calls attention.

Will the anonymous correspondent who sent a typewritten letter containing grave allegations regarding the Re-Stor Institute, of 1, St. Agnes Place, Kennington, kindly give us, in confidence, his full name and address?

"DREADNOUGHTS" AND THE DOCK PANIC.

By Alan Burgoyne, M.P.

Not until I had read the article in the issue of John Bull, March 11th, did I realise to what extent the "*Dreadnought* Dock" cry is played out. There's no need for a scare now; one day a real need may arise and then, too late, the policy of crying "Wolf!" will exemplify its own fatuity.

What are the facts? What is meant by a *Dreadnought?* For there are docks which will take the *Dreadnought* and are not long enough for the battleship cruiser *Invincible*—others which will take the *Invincible* and are not wide enough for the *Dreadnought*. Again, the *King George V.*, building at Portsmouth, is longer than the *Invincible*, though derived from the *Dreadnought*; the batteship cruiser *Lion*, building at Devonport, is broader than the *Dreadnought*, though derived from the *Invincible*! The same arguments may be applied to contemporary foreign ships and yet all are lumped together under the fallacious term—*Dreadnought*.

Let us, therefore, stick to the *Dreadnought* and *Invincible*. The former is 490 feet between perpendiculars, 520 feet over all, 82 feet maximum beam, 26½ feet designed draught, 30 feet load draught. The latter ship is 530 feet between perpendiculars, 560 feet over all, 78½ feet maximum beam, 26 feet designed draught, 28½ feet load draught. Now a dock's greatest value is prior to the outbreak of war—whilst war is in progress it is questionable whether it would pay better to repair a ship badly damaged below the water-line (a job, according to the damage, of two to six months' duration) or to drive her on to a convenient mud-bank in the nearest estuary or harbour, to be attended to at leisure on the declaration of peace.

In reply to a question I put to him, Mr. McKenna stated that we had 34 dry or floating docks, built or building, capable or receiving *Dreadnoughts*; of these, 22 are in the United Kingdom, 9 of them belonging to private companies. The remainder are at Gibraltar, Malta and other over-sea ports.

I have looked most carefully into the dimensions of the docks in Home waters and find the depth on sill of the shallowest is 29 feet—the Hebburn Dock at Newcastle. The next shallowest will take a vessel up to 31 feet draught. In beam, the narrowest is 85 feet—the majority run from 90 to 110 feet. The shortest of all is 656½ feet—nine are from 850 to 1,020 feet long. If the dimensions given of the *Dreadnought* and *Invincible* be noted, it cannot be contended that a case for dock panic any longer exists.

Your article states: "There is not a single dock on the North Sea available for use"—then mentions the Hebburn Dock. This sentence might have been penned five years back. Our naval supremacy as against any possible, or probable, combination is assured until 1914—no sane thinking critic can protest to the contrary. Docks will not affect this issue. In peace time, whether the dock be at Devonport or Rosyth is of no great moment. Germany is praised for having eight of her eleven docks in the North Sea—could she help herself? Sad, indeed, the fate of a *Von der Tann*, having gone north-about into the Atlantic (there to prey upon our commerce) should she meet a stronger British foe and end the combat so shattered as to demand instant docking. Not a dock belonging to Germany exists outside the Fatherland—dreadful fate, forsooth! In 1915 Rosyth will have two dry docks fit to take super-*George V.'s*; there will be the Hebburn Dock and at least three floating docks—a capacity in the North Sea for six ships. Were we so placed by a war that six of our *Dreadnoughts* required docking before we had assured ourselves the command of the sea, then our plight would indeed be pitiable; if, however, that command were assured, a ship that could steam from an action off the Kattegat to Rosyth to be docked could equally safely steam to Portsmouth or Devonport. Should her condition make the longer journey dangerous—push her on the mud nearest the dock first to be vacated. These are not heroics—merely commonsense. An action which demands the docking of six large vessels simultaneously will not, if our present superiority in *Dreadnoughts* is maintained, leave the enemy altogether unharmed. It is well to recall that only four of Germany's North Sea docks have a sill depth of over 30 feet—the difficulties are not so one-sided, therefore.

THE STANDARD SAUSAGE.

GERMAN SAUSAGES MEAN GERMAN MEASLES FOR ALL.

By J. A. McWeeney.

Too often a good cause is killed by ridicule, and so I trust my readers will take me seriously when I enter a plea for the Standard Sausage. As you are aware, this is the era of standardisation; Standard Bread is no longer a craze but a cult, and the arguments which apply to bread apply, only more so, to the homely sausage.

Who does not know of the nutritive qualities of the genuine article? I am not dealing now with the rose-tinted variety known as the Polony, nor with the tesselated-pavement type known as German and Bologna. These are but spurious specimens or hybrid types, not worthy of the name of sausage.

German Measles.

I have no wish to create a scare or a panic, but from my researches I am firmly convinced that I can trace the present epidemic of German measles to the consumption of German sausages. Is there not in this happening an incontrovertible argument in favour of a Standard Sausage? It is idle for the Cocoa press to try to put the blame of this outbreak of German measles down to the McKenna-*Dreadnought*-Teutonic-Invasion scare, even though the cadets at Dartmouth happen to be Sea Lords in embryo. Forty *Dreadnoughts* in themselves would not beget a single case of measles. I will go further and assert that all the threatened invasions from 1910 till the crack of doom would not germinate one solitary case of chicken-pox.

Nor will I agree, for a single moment, that all the German barbers, waiters and bandsmen, from Whitechapel to the Western Hebrides, are capable of measling us without the assistance of their deadly sausage. Here, then, is a strong argument for specialising in sausages; and if I can but bring it home to the housewives of Great Britain that there is nothing in the Standard Sausage to contaminate the morals or the stomachs of even the youngest members of their families, then will my labours not have been in vain. Perhaps when I am dead a grateful nation will raise a monument to my fame. Then may my effigy be put upon a pedestal built on the twin foundations of Standard Bread and Standard Sausages.

Not an Advertising Dodge.

Here I would emphasise one point. My advocacy of the Standard Sausage is not what is known as an advertising dodge. It is true that the Standard Bread, which alone is used in the preparation of the Standard Sausage, is supplied by Mr. Baker, of Bakerloo (see our advertisement columns), and again the skins of the genuine article come from the umbrella-factory of Mr. Gamp, of Rainham (again see our advertisements), and the meat for the Standard Sausage comes from Mr. Barker, of the Isle of Dogs (once more see our advertisement columns). These are mere coincidental happenings.

My aim is to see the Standard Sausage in every frying-pan in the country, and on every breakfast-table throughout the length and breadth of the land. At present, what is the character of our every-day sausage, if it has character at all? You may judge a dog by its bark, but a sausage only by its bite. One mouthful of the Standard Sausage will be enough. You will never forget its taste. It is paralysing in the intensity of its integument. (I found that last word in the dictionary.) The integument is the outer covering. Mr. Gamp, of Rainham (double rates for additional advertisement), supplies the toughest and most prophylactic integuments.

How to Identify the Standard Sausage.

Many pork-butchers and marine-store dealers will try to foist upon the public sausages which do not come up to the requirements of the real and only genuine Standard. Beware of fraudulent imitations! How will you know the Standard Sausage? If your sense of smell is keen, you will recognise it at a thousand yards' range. The true Standard Sausage should fulfil the following requirements:—*Touch.*—If you touch it, it should not bark or yelp or snarl; only the best-trained dogs are used for the genuine article. *Colour.*—Just as Standard Bread has the nice creamy colour of pig-meal, so the Standard Sausage has a colour all its own. In the common article only red ochre is used. In the Standard Sausage it is otherwise. Its prismatic tints are obtained by a judicious use of aniline dyes, with an admixture of arsenic to give these tints a fixity of tenure. If there are not colours sufficient on the outer skin to start a paint factory, you will know at once that the sausage is a fraud on the face of it. *Constituents.*—When purchasing the Standard Sausage insist on having a guarantee that such sausage contains 1 per cent. of lean meat, 2 per cent. of fat meat, 3 per cent. of gristle, 5 per cent. of added water, 70 per cent. of Standard Bread, and 19 per cent. of dog collar or muzzle. If you have any doubt in the matter, weigh the component parts when you get home, or else send your half-pound of sausages to the Public Analyst. *Flavour.*—There is no describing it. If it tastes like anything else you have ever eaten, then you will know that it is not a Standard Sausage. *Physical Effect.*—When you have eaten an ordinary sausage you are apt to want another the following morning. It is not so with the Standard Sausage.

Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, I submitted a sample Standard Sausage to that eminent bacteriologist, Professor Dogberry, of Barking. His report *lies* before me:—

Analyst's Report.

"I have analysed the Standard Sausage which you sent me, and find it thoroughly well bred. I could understand nineteen of its languages, besides thirteen of its dialects. Some doubt existed as to the nationality of its nor'-west corner, but I am inclined to the belief that it was Pomeranian with a dash of Skye. Under the Linguascope it answered all the tests of 'Carlo,' 'Rover,' 'Pongo,' and 'Poor Dog Tray.' I did not find any traces of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, radium, guano or Para rubber, but its outer-casing rendered traces of paraffin and turpentine." (Careless of the boy in the general shop not to have washed his hands before handling the sacred Standard Sausage!)

"The nutritive value was most pronounced and gave results under the Cave-Canem-scope as follows: Proteids, ·1; gluten, no trace of glue at all; brindle pup, ·25; red ochre, ·15; Standard Bread, 99. (The percentages may be a bit off. I am not strong on decimals.) The Standard Sausage is absolutely the strongest sausage I have ever encountered. It took the servant two hours with a broom to get it out of the kennel. One Standard Sausage is more than enough for one man. (Signed) Professor Dogberry, of Barking and the Houndsditch Laboratories."

That is medical testimony to the marvellous qualities of the Standard Sausage. It is the ideal food for the sportsman. When out shooting, he can use it as a retriever. See what we save! If further eulogy of the Standard Sausage be needed, I can furnish testimonials from all the leading undertakers in the country. Thus Mr. Carraway Bones telegraphs from Gravesend: "Send along another ton of Standard Sausages. Trade extremely brisk."

The Giddy Germ.

Thoughtless people may imagine that any kind of dog is class enough for a sausage. For the ordinary article yes, but just as in Standard Bread you must get the germ of the grain to obtain its full nutritive effects, so in the Standard Sausage only dogs which are full of germs are used. In our kennels we have dogs with every possible germ known to the medical faculty, germs of typhoid, smallpox, yellow fever, mange, cholera, plague and crick in the neck, and no dog is admitted to our factories which has not at least twenty different and distinct varieties of militant bacilli. A single Standard Sausage has more concentrated vice in it than the seven deadly sins.

Greatest Prize Ever Offered.

To encourage home industries and to popularise the Standard Sausage, I am making an offer which must appeal to every keeper of a dog who values germs as other people value radium. I shall award a prize of Ten Thousand Pounds (£10,000), if I can afford it, to the British subject who produces in a year a dog with sufficient germs to stock a graveyard—that is, provided that the licence has been paid and that the dog is all-British. Thus, a St. Bernard or a Russian Wolfhound or dogs which have been dead a year will not be allowed to compete. The dog-fish, the dog-watch and china dogs are not eligible.

Would that I were editor of this paper—then could I write column upon column in praise of the Standard Sausage. Suffice it, however, that I have championed a cause worthy of Colney Hatch. Standard Bread and Standard Sausages are linked arm in arm (if they have any arms) as the two craziest crazes of the present century.

THE ROSYTH NAVAL BASE.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE ADMIRALTY.

Our Naval base at Rosyth continues to be a monument to the unbusiness-like methods of Government departments. As far back as August, 1902, a scheme was presented to the House of Commons for the construction of this work; the cost was duly considered and estimated, and a decision to proceed. was ultimately arrived at. Nothing happened until 1905, when it was officially announced that everything was ready to make the same start as before. At this interesting stage a change of Government occurred; the Liberals came into power. Thereupon it was announced in the House by the Admiralty representative that the experts had discovered grave objections to the scheme recently approved by them—the scheme required more careful consideration on the part of the experts. This careful consideration lasted for some time, and, as a matter of happy accident, coincided with the convenience of the Government, which was sworn to economy. In 1907, however, £10,000 was actually taken in the Estimates to construct a base already reckoned to cost nearly three millions. This was pushing along But of the £10,000, only £250 was expended, and this small amount went in correspondence on the inadvisability of expending any larger sum. In 1908, another £10,000 was taken in the Estimates; but it was not till March 17th, 1909, that Mr. McKenna was able to state, "The Contract now made is most satisfactorily. The work is to be completed in seven years—that is, on March 1st, 1916." The great work now commenced, but was not long in progress before it was discovered that it could be completed much sooner than the actual time stipulated in the contract. The contractors receive a gratuity of £800 for each week saved.

Foolish Cheese-paring.

So much for ancient history. The actual business methods now in operation at Rosyth are even more interesting. The appointment of Admiralty Inspectors, indeed, constitutes a grave public scandal. There is, for instance, the Admiralty Bricklayer Inspector. This gentleman is by trade a cabinet-maker and joiner. His wages are only £2 2s., although the foreman bricklayer employed by the contractor gets from £3 to £4 a week. Then there is the Cement Inspector. His duties are to test the cement. This should be done by a highly-trained and practical man—which no doubt explains why the Admiralty Inspector served his time locally as a grocer. The wages of a practical man are £2 10s. per week; this gentleman gets only 35s. Now we come to the Granite Inspector. Mr. McKenna was asked in the House of Commons what the necessary qualifications for the appointment were. His reply was "that the necessary qualifications of the staff are acquired by experience on other similar works." Now, as a matter of fact, the Admiralty Granite Inspector has had no previous experience at the business. He is a stone hewer by trade, and was formerly employed on the steel works as a labourer. The duties of Granite Inspector are far from being free from responsibility. To enable him to carry them out efficiently, he should at least be skilled in the quarrying of granite, and possess an intimate knowledge of its colour and general condition. But then, if he had that skill, he might not be so cheap!

An Empty "Honour."

In the Drawing Office we ought to have engineer-draughtsmen. Instead, we have architects who know little of nothing of engineering work. The advantage of this is that they receive the smaller pay of architects and have the great honour of appearing in the Admiralty books as "engineer-draughtsmen."

But perhaps the most interesting sidelight on Admiralty methods is provided by the way the works are protected against spies. At the entrances to the base, men are employed as watchmen. Their orders are to stop all "dressed gentlemen" at any cost or sacrifice, but any other person is to be allowed to come or go. These stringent regulations, however, apply only during the day. At night no watchmen are on duty!

The absence of a hospital is another singular feature of the amenities at Rosyth—especially as 1,500 navvies each pay 2d. a week for medical attention.

A GERMAN BOGEY.

THE "LONDON MAGAZINE" AND THE GERMAN CLERK

In the *London Magazine* for last November there appeared an article entitled "German Clerks in British Offices; Why they Work so Cheaply. By an Anglo-German.', The writer stated that we were always told German clerks were welcomed here for their superior industry, their knowledge of languages, and the small wages which their temperance and frugality enabled them to accept. He alleged that, while British clerks found a difficulty in making both ends meet, the German was just as well dressed and well-fed, drank beer and frequented music-halls. Therefore he did not live more cheaply. Whence, then, came his supplies? The answer was that Germany, being determined to crush British commerce, subsidised a number of young men, who came over here and learned our secrets and sent home confidential reports, treating their employers treacherously. The subsidies, it was alleged, were paid by an Association called the Commerce Defence League, with offices at Hamburg. It distributed doles among thousands of German clerks and worked hand in hand with German consulates and Chambers of Commerce. In support of this assertion it was suggested that the Deutsche Bank knew all about it.

German Pertinacity.

Apparently, a German gentleman has been trying—with true German patience—to cross-examine the editor of the *London Magazine*.

On January 9th he wrote that he had been making exhaustive enquiries about the *Handel Verteidigungsverein* (Commerce Defence League), without being able to trace its existence. He therefore requested to be furnished with the names and addresses of the Chairman and Secretary, and on January 18th, the Editor wrote that he had waited to make up his mind whether he would deal with the inquiry in his own columns, and stating that he saw no reason for supplying the names of the Chairman and Secretary of the German Commerce Defence League unless the inquirer told all about himself and his reasons for inquiry. "The German Press," he wrote, "have used quite offensive epithets towards the author of the article and this magazine. Since we published the name of one aspect of the League, the German Press has very judiciously held its tongue."

On February 10th the enquirer returned to the charge informing the Editor that he had made repeated inquiries about the German Commerce Defence League at different places in Hamburg, from the local authorities, police, newspapers, Deutsche Bank, etc., but all of them were incredulous about it. He therefore considered himself entitled to press for full particulars of the alleged League. He further desired to know the names of the German newspapers which had begun by criticising the article and then held their peace when the *London Magazine* mentioned the name of the League.

The Feathers Fly.

The Editor then invited his cross-examiner to call at the office of the *London Magazine*, and advantage was at once taken of this invitation. The Editor said that Sir Edgar Speyer, of the firm of Speyer Bros., would be able to enlighten our correspondent with reference to the German Commerce Defence League, but, on application, that gentleman replied that he knew nothing about it. This was repeated to the Editor, who on February 20th, wrote:—"Before you ask me to bother myself to satisfy your apparently insatiable curiosity, I suggest it will be best for you to give me some proofs of your own *bona-fides*. You apparently look upon it as your right to cross-examine me in regard to the German Commerce Defence League in a manner which suggests to me that your real anxiety is not to find out anything for yourself about it, but to try and find out how much I know. But whether I am right or wrong in regard to this belief, the fact that you admitted to me the other day that your reason for ascertaining full particulars of the League was that you may become a beneficiary of it, if possible, in my opinion puts you out of court. I did not publish the article for this purpose at all, nor am I disposed to be put to trouble in order to assist you to carry out a policy with which we took exception and was the cause of the article."

Summing up quite judicially, we can do no less than caution our contemporary to be more careful in future.

THE FIRE OF SPRING.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I have been reading one of those journalistic attempts to attract attention by denying the obvious. Some medicine-man, real or imaginary, was represented as associating Spring with physical trouble, headaches, anorexia (*alias* loss of appetite) and general lassitude. The first three may be admitted in the case of those who are rash enough to fall in love; indeed they are the ordinary symptoms of the cardiac epidemic. But lassitude! What mortal in history, or poetry, or fiction ever associated Spring with lassitude?

Vernal Vigour.

Once the vernal equinox is past, all Nature begins to busy itself with the pleasant task of reproduction. Trees pump up sap and timidly exhibit little green buds, which will presently veil their modesty in leaves. Flowers blossom breathlessly, tra-la-la. Birds flirt outrageously while making provision for home and cuckoo. The young man's fancy lightly turns in the direction of heavy responsibilities. Even the veterans of concupiscence fight battles over again in their minds and surrender themselves to the exhilaration of the season. Lassitude forsooth! Lassitude quotha! Lassitude be blowed! Every one of us, young or old, high or low, rich or poor, man or beast, fowl or fish, even the humblest herbs seem to sing in triumphant unison:

Come fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling.

The Symbolism of the Season.

Look at me. Only last week I was bowing my head in my hands, cursing the day I was born, murmuring of failure. Now a mere change of season has worked a miracle, I rejoice in my strength and dream of scattering my enemies, I frolic with paschal lambs and make daisy-chains and quaff from bubbling brooks. Spring preaches to us the glad gospel of enjoyment, the old recklessness of consequences, renewed confidence, a happy optimism. Spring, you see, is a resurrection of the soul as well as of the body. That is why the Church, that great student of symbolism, chose this season for our Easter holiday. That is why we bandy Easter eggs, emblems of resurrection, which is to say, of reproduction. Reproduction of the brain's fertility, of the mind's creative energy, as well as of the race. There is no more lassitude about an egg than about a bounding lamb, that other complement of the season.

The Evolution of Revolution.

Our ancestors were wiser than ourselves in beginning the year at the end of March, for no one can think intelligently while hibernating on the first of January. Now is the right time to gird up our loins and resolve to fight the good fight, or the bad fight as the case may be. Have you ever noticed that revolutions always begin in the Spring? They have a phrase to indicate this in the cock-pit of Europe: all through the winter of their discontent you may hear dark murmurs of "when the trees bud." Then they will take to the hills and extract muskets from caches and organise bands of komitajis and strike a blow for liberty and drive Mahound into the Ægean. No doubt this is partly a matter of convenience, for it is uncomfortable to fight in the snow. But it is chiefly a proof of energy.

Spring Poets.

That quality reveals itself in many unexpected quarters. Who has not heard of Spring poets? Poets, of course, are long-haired, neurotic, drowsy, foolish bodies, who hate the sight of cold water no less than the Devil does that of the stoup. They emerge from their torpor and pull out the rhyming dictionary from a dusty shelf. Discovering with due delight that love rhymes with dove, these groundlings proceed to compose odes to an imaginary mistress. It is all useless; commonplace, tedious, the abortive offspring of barren minds, but my argument against the lassitude of Spring is strengthened when the least lovable of mankind are moved to parody the tender passion.

Sap Surges in the Mind.

At Springtime they almost move me to compassionate sympathy. Cold-blooded as I am; knowing that love is an over-rated business—full of deceptions which can only culminate in ephemeral emotions; having learned cynicism in respect of the comfort of caresses; having long passed the stage or the age when the glitter of a coal-black eye or the simper of a nostril or the flutter of blood-red lips can tempt my nerves to throb—I can yet make allowance for weaker brethren, who tell the old, old story and play the old, old game. I begin to seek out revised versions of time-worn thrills: I imagine intellectual joys in the pursuit of an ankle-skirt; I dream of rare rhapsodies in removing the blue spectacles of some middle-aged suffragette and kissing her unkissed eyes; I make amorous advances to southern seas and blooming lemon-groves and all the dusky brides of fairyland.

Retrospective Rhapsodies.

Dante once observed:—

Nessum maggior dolor che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria

—in other words that it is damnable to remember good times when you are in a hell of a hole. That, by the way, is rather a free translation. As I told you recently, I have been feeling quite queasy about myself and my future, taking the view of Koheleth, the Preacher, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. But instead of acquiring added misery from the remembrance of high old times, I reflect with satisfaction that all my years have not been such as this. In one of the Balkan States, there is a congratulatory song which wishes you *mnogo ljeta* (many summers). For my part, I desire nothing so much as the many happy Springs I have enjoyed. I recall one at Syracuse, when the air was so heavily laden with innumerable perfumes that breathing became an exercise as well as a joy; another in a Greek island whose violent and voluptuous scenery blasted my eyes with unnatural delights; another on the lagoons of Venice, when the ripple of the waters murmured in harmony with twittering violins; another in gipsy company at Nagy-Enjed, when the lime-trees were showering fragrant snow-storms of white blossom; another in the serene atmosphere of my ancestral home on returning from journeys among wild men. Enough of these glorious reminiscences, not from any fear that I might tax your patience, but lest I should reveal my age by the number of my pure, sweet Springs. I must not dispel the illusion that, like Peter Pan, I am one of those blessed beings who never grow up.

Precious Primeurs.

I hope that I have, by this time, dissipated the vulgar error that I am a coarse materialist ever pursuing carnal pleasures, unable to content myself with the simple symphonies of life. I will therefore confess that a serious reason why I welcome Spring may be found in the stomachic opportunities it affords. This is the glad time when new potatoes from Jersey, great, fat, white asparagus, dainty, delicate, little green peas, plovers' eggs and Scotch salmon creep into the purview even of such economists as undischarged bankrupts. Their creditors will scarce grudge them strawberries when they are down to 9s. the lb.

Spring Cleaning.

There is, however, if we may trust comedians, one sinister side to Spring. They tell us that their houses are turned upside down and inside out at the vernal equinox; that their housekeepers will not cook their dinners, or sit down, or offer the kiss of peace, but drive them out to take their ease at a tavern—all in the interest of a pagan ceremony known as spring-cleaning. I speak as a child in this matter and only on hearsay, for my house is cleaned every morning. But if I could only disperse the grime of my dwelling once a year, I should choose the Autumn for the process. Winter may be disagreeable, but it does not distribute dirt so much as a dusty, perspiring Summer. Why, then, choose the least necessary period for your spring cleaning? It is all a matter of superstition, like that of some people who neglect to wash after the experiences of a dirty day, but feel bound by convention to take a bath when they emerge from the immaculate conditions of a virtuous couch.

P.S.

Congratulate me on my powers of detaching myself from my surroundings, for I have penned this pæan of languorous flowers and molten sunlight while a snow blizzard beat against my panes.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LAWYERS.

HOW TO SEND A TELEGRAM IN CORRECT LEGAL FORM.

By Richard Morton.

(*"Like priests, the lawyers know the importance of keeping up the mystery of their profession."*—John Bull, *April 1st.*)

The foregoing words of wisdom are a reference to the mass of technical terms employed in legal documents. The jargon of the lawyer is frequently incomprehensible to the layman, and the simplest affairs of business, if expressed in a deed drawn up by a lawyer, become mysteries that even a Court of Appeal might hesitate to expound. It is all done intentionally, because the more words a lawyer uses, the bigger is his fee, and, if he can only complicate matters enough, a fat law suit may result.

It is a mercy that every-day transactions are not carried out according to a contract drawn up by a solicitor. Suppose, for instance, it became necessary to sign an agreement when you went to send a sixpenny telegram. The lawyers would phrase it something like this :—

"*Memorandum of Agreement* made the 15th day of April 1911, *between* John Jones of Throgmorton Street in the City of London Stockbroker (hereinafter called the Sender) of the one part and the Right Honourable Herbert Samuel of the General Post Office in the City of London at present occupying the position of His Majesty's Postmaster-General (hereinafter called the Postmaster) of the other part——"

We pause to take breath, and to explain that these agreements as drawn up by lawyers contain no stops. Punctuation might make matters clear, and this, of course, is not desired. Now to proceed :—

"*Whereas* the said Sender is desirous of sending dispatching or otherwise transmitting or causing to be sent dispatched or otherwise transmitted from the telegraph office at or in Lombard Street in the City of London to an address at or in Nunhead in the County of Surrey the said address being more fully specified or set out in the schedule hereto a telegram or telegraphic message a copy of which is hereunto annexed consisting of twelve words inclusive of the name and address of the person to whom the said telegram or telegraphic message is desired to be sent——

"*And whereas* the said Sender doth hereby covenant to pay and hath this day duly paid to the said Postmaster the sum of sixpence coin of the realm being payment at the statutory rate of twelve words for sixpence the receipt of which sum the said Postmaster doth hereby acknowledge and a note of which receipt is duly endorsed on the back hereof——

"*Now it is hereby agreed* that in consideration of the said sum of sixpence being so paid by the Sender as aforesaid the said Postmaster doth hereby covenant promise and agree to transmit convey forward and deliver or cause to be transmitted conveyed forwarded and delivered at the said address at Nunhead which is more particularly specified and set out in the schedule as aforesaid the said telegram or telegraphic message as written by the said Sender and annexed hereto——

"*And it is further agreed* that in consideration of the payment of the said sum of sixpence as aforesaid the said Postmaster will cause the said telegram or telegraphic message to be transmitted conveyed forwarded and delivered as quickly as may be within his power——

"*Provided always* that the said Postmaster shall not be responsible for any delay let hindrance or stoppage arising from any cause or causes either within or without his control or by reason of fire earthquake flood riot the act of God or arising from any other cause whatsoever any other words to the contrary effect in this contract notwithstanding——

"*And provided* that the said Postmaster shall not be liable for any damage caused by delivery delay in delivery or by non-delivery as aforesaid——

"*As witness* the hands of the said parties."

Of course there would be a lot more of it ; the foregoing model is merely a hint of what lawyers make of simple matters when once they come into their hands.

Apparently the Bristol Education Committee want to get their work done cheaply. Recently they advertised for a man, whose qualifications were to include a knowledge of shorthand, typewriting, and clerkship. His salary was to be £30 per annum!

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Thys Monument
Was erected
In Memorie of
Ye Right Honourable Walter Runciman, P.C., M.P.
Too long
President of ye Board of Educacion.
Born Anno Domini 1870,
Hee, in hys earlie boyhoode
Looked askance atte Educacion
And voted itt a beastlie boare ;
Butte,
Much against hys stomache,
Hee was forced to make hymselfe proficient
In
Readynge, Writynge, and Arithmetick,
And therebye fitte himselfe for ye greate office
Ye whiche, in tyme to come, hee was to adorne
Soe wondrous well.
Ye subject of Educacion now became
Ye passione of hys lyfe,
To gratifie ye whiche
Hee became Managynge Direcktor
Of a Lyne of Cargoe Steame Shippes ; therebye
Minglynge and consortynge much
With them that goe downe to ye sea in shippes
And conduckt their business in ye deep waters.
Hys minglynge with Mariners
Failynge to appease hys appetite
For Educacion,
Hee flewe to Politicks,
And became
Member of Parlyment for Oldham,
Anno Domini, 1899.
Persistynge in hys wilde chace of Educacion;
Hee next became
Parlymentarie Secretarie to ye Local Government Board,
Ye whiche post hee presentlie abandoned
For
Ye Financial Secretarieshippe to ye Treasurie.
Hys goal was now in syght,
And, Anno Domini, 1908,
Hee, metaphorickallie speakynge,
Was kicked into ye chaer
Of
Ye President of ye Board of Educacion,
Wherein hee speciallie distinguished hymselfe
By hys scurvie treatment
Of
Mr. Hoare, M.P.,
In ye matter of ye Holmes Circular.

Gaze on thys monument, and goe—
One glance should be cnough ;
Itt merely standeth here to show
That hee whose boanes lie hidde below
Was what is called hotte stuffe—
Who, when hee found hys case was badde
Made matters worse by gettynge madde.

Two Ideal Papers for Easter.

During the Easter Holidays you will require some good, bright reading for yourself and your best girl. You already have "JOHN BULL." Now get a copy of "Lotinga's Weekly," an unique pictorial sporting paper, brimful of interesting pictures, and whilst you are looking at it, see that your girl (or maybe, your mother, or your sister, your aunt, or your niece) has a copy of "Mrs. Bull." Then, indeed, you will spend a happy Easter.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., M.P., Home Secretary, Whitehall.

My Dear Churchill,—With reference to the ecclesiastical deputation which the Bishop of London led into your presence to expound their views on the Shops Bill, it is necessary you should keep in mind that there are two distinctive aspects of the Sunday question. I, myself, strongly oppose any interference with Sunday as a holiday, and therefore, as far as it can be avoided in the necessities of the time, I am not only opposed to Sunday labour, but I should like to see a law giving to everyone employed on Sunday an equivalent holiday during the week. That is one aspect. The other is that of the puritanical Sabbatarians, who claim Sunday as a day for the abolition of everything which contributes to what they call worldly pleasures. If you will permit me to say so, my dear Churchill, I think there is some danger that, unless your attention is called to the fact that the Sabbatarians are using the argument of Sunday labour in order to secure the suppression of Sunday enjoyment, you may be tempted to attach undue importance to their representations.

You will recall how bitter was the struggle to secure the opening of Museums, Art Galleries and Libraries on Sunday. Step by step, Sunday concerts and Sunday band performances in the parks have been won. All this having contributed to the physical, mental and moral benefit of the masses of the people, it would be little short of a calamity if the obvious advantages already won were destroyed or attenuated because churches are emptying. Remember that the public-houses are emptying, too. The drunken Sunday has gone. To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose, says the Preacher. The time and the season for puritanical killjoys are long past. The present and the future are for those who see life, and all it means, with larger and clearer eyes.

John Bull.

To Lord Hugh Cecil.

Dear Lord Hugh,—I am quite pleased to welcome you as Saul among the prophets. You showed courage as well as commonsense in telling the House of Commons that members of both Parties are afraid of the Whips, and vote against their consciences rather than forfeit the chance of contributions to their election expenses. You might have gone on to add that the Whips harass and intimidate members in their constituencies whenever any sign of independence has been displayed. I recognise your picture of the House of Commons under the Party system—the members absenting themselves from debates, revealing a total indifference to argument and reason, and behaving with monstrous levity. You really must join the Business Party; then I will try to find you a post in the next Business Government. Cannot say more at present.

John Bull.

To David Davies, Esq., Burglar and Shepherd (late of Dartmoor), Oswestry.

Gentle Shepherd,—And how are you? Think of your turning up at Oswestry on a charge of burgling a house and stealing the whisky, after having hid yourself away from us so long! Should not be in the least surprised if the whole Unionist party in the House of Commons turned up at the police court when you reappear after the remand. They are delighted to hear of you again, and if they could only see you—if you could only get the Chief Constable to bring you to the House—you would have the time of your life. They would be like a mother to you. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, they say. Of course it all depends, but in *your* case—well, I believe you would only have to name the beverage and the whole of the back benchers of the Opposition would rush to get it for you. However, perhaps things are better as they are, after all. No doubt you will be happier when you reach home again—a home in which you have spent so many placid, contented years—with free uniform, regular exercise, and all found. Cheer up, I do not think it will be long before you meet again all the dear old friends.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Halsbury, House of Lords.

My Dear Young Man,—I address you thus because, though you were born in 1825, you are still about as young as anybody I know; indeed, I begin to think you are running as a candidate for the Great Centenary Stakes. I am much interested in what you said recently in reply to the toast of His Majesty's Judges—not only because of your high authority and experience, but because it may be taken to some extent as a judge's defence of judges against their critics. Though I may agree that no judge can be just if he is continually thinking what the newspapers will say of him next day, or the politicians at the next General Election, I take leave to remind you that only those judges who challenge criticism become the victims of it. I have no doubt that the most notoriously incompetent judges on the bench would like to establish a sort of legal despotism, by which they could clap into gaol everyone who challenged anything they said or did. But judges are not yet of the gods. They do not lose their habit of advocacy immediately they cast off the robes of the barrister and assume the ermine of the bench, nor do they lose the prejudices of party politicians in the glamour of their political reward. In this country, my lord, judges are respected in the measure in which they respect themselves and their office. The judge who affronts whole classes of men must expect himself to be affronted; he who will not hold the balances of justice level has no right to complain if he himself is weighed—and found wanting. Your lordship has permission to show this letter to such of your learned brothers as in your opinion may need admonition and advice.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Dr. Rouse, Headmaster, Perse Grammar School, Cambridge.

Dear Doctor,—Though you admit that you are not a parent, I should have thought that, as a pedagogue, you might be expected to have some sense of parental responsibility. These remarks are prompted by a report of an action brought against you the other day by a boy whom you caned. His parents told him not to attend your school one day when the weather was bad, and a note of explanation was sent to you. In spite of this you proceeded to apply the rod. In your opinion, therefore, it is very naughty of children to obey their parents. All the same, ordinary notions of fair play should have reminded you that, if the boy had not exposed himself to your rod, he might possibly have been whacked at home. In fact, he was in the position of a German officer who has been insulted, and knows that he will be turned out of the army if he does not fight a duel, whereas he will be imprisoned in a fortress if he does. Do try to cultivate commonsense.

John Bull.

To Mr. Charles G. J. Port, 1, West Mansion, Worthing.

My Dear Sir,—I have read your pathetic letter in the *Church Times*, to the effect that you have in your possession a pewter church flagon, bearing the inscription:—

"Richard Cock, Churchwarden,
1734,"

and that you are anxious to find out the name of the church from which it came, in order to return it at your death, or sooner if you give up collecting pewter. I am sorry this little matter is troubling you so much; but I take it that, as you anticipate meeting "Richard Cock, Churchwarden," ere long, you are anxious to get quit of the flagon before doing so. But cheer up, old sport; I daresay he has forgotten all about it by this time.

John Bull.

General Booth.

Hearty greetings on 82nd birthday. Don't always approve Army methods, but always appreciate a Grand Old Man.

Bull.

Bishop of Chester.

Sorry see you have joined Akbar "whitewashers." Ashamed of you.

Bull.

Keir Hardie, M.P.

Notice complaint nobody loves you. Might have added—or trusts you.

Bull.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

(Lord Lansdowne will produce his Reform Scheme immediately after Easter.)

CHANTECLER (Mr. ASQUITH): "Surely, Madam, you don't expect me to adopt this?"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Buoyant Stock Markets—The "Bears" in Full Retreat—Trade Booming.

The prophets of a 2½ per cent. Bank rate have so far been disappointed, owing to delay in Treasury disbursements, but this may be a blessing in disguise, as it will enable the Bank of England to attract all the more gold, so that eventually the monetary ease may last until the autumn. At all events, just now the market has to pay 3½ per cent. for advances from the Bank, and private discount has hardened from 2 to 2⅜ per cent. The trade boom, as illustrated by the Board of Trade returns for March, may, of course, absorb more funds, but the investor is now freely parting with his savings. Fancy such unprecedented exports in one month as £40,864,000, or an increase of 18 per cent. on March, 1910, and 28 per cent. on March, 1909! No wonder that *Home Rails* remain the fashion, notwithstanding a good deal of profit-taking. Other stocks which are actively dealt in at rising prices are *Canadian Pacifics, Peru Prefs., Japanese* (on the new sinking fund arrangements), and, above all, *Kaffir* and *Rhodesian Mines*, in which a well-known millionaire "Bear" operator, who is fond of selling his friends' stocks, has just changed his book from "Bear" to "Bull." *Oil shares*, too, are remarkably active, while *Rubber shares* are marking time, but a sharp rise is looked for after the Plantation auctions. The *Yankee market* won't be happy until the decisions of the Supreme Court on the Trust companies are out, but these are not likely to be favourable. The *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* dividend has proved disappointing for the optimists. The protracted holidays which are now intervening should make the public all the more eager for the fray, especially if they are favoured by sunshine, and in that case I look for renewed activity after Easter next week.

Home Rails Before the Holidays.

This is a suitable time for taking stock of the present position of Home Rails, in which dealings have been so active during the last three or four months. Many of my readers have reaped large profits through following my advice, as the advance has been distinctly important, even from the commencement of the new year. Prices are not altogether at the top, as the incidence of severe weather has interfered somewhat, but I still think that this will be the market for the year, both from the investment and speculative point of view. It is necessary, however, to utter a warning against the wild speculation which has been going on of late in almost derelict stocks, and to remember that low prices do not always spell cheapness. The following table shows the dividends paid for last year, the present price, and yield per annum of a number of representative stocks, to which I have added the traffic increases or decreases from the commencement of the fiscal year :—

	Dividend per cent. per ann.	Present Price.	Yield p.c. per ann. £ s. d.	Traffic Increase this year.
Caledonian Deferred	1	28⅝	1 6 3	£800
Furness	2½	52	4 1 9	*798
Gt. Cent. Pref. Ord.	—	35⅝	—	55,100
Great Eastern	3½	76½	4 1 6	8,300
Gt. Northern Deferred	2½	57	3 19 0	21,700
Great Western	5½	134½	4 5 3	59,000
Hull and Barnsley	3½	73½	4 19 0	*884
Lancs. and Yorkshire	4½	105½	4 4 6	26,700
London & North Western	6½	149½	4 6 3	128,000
London & S. West. Def.	2½	55	3 16 7	*12,500
London Brighton Def.	4½	112½	4 4 9	18,239
London Chatham	1	18⅝	—	*8,034
London, Tilbury	6	146	4 2 3	4,416
Metropolitan	1½	55½	2 9 9	6,158
Metropolitan District	—	52⅝	—	12,755
Midland Deferred	3½	78	4 9 9	98,000
North British	1	35½	2 9 3	24,273
North Eastern	6	138½	4 6 9	124,046
North Staffs	4½	99	4 11 0	6,110
South Eastern "A"	1	59	1 14 0	*8,034

* Decrease. † South Eastern and Chatham.

My readers are, of course, aware that prices have been very much higher in former times, especially in 1896-7, when *Great Western* touched 187, *Lancashire and Yorkshire* 156, *North Western* 209, *Metropolitan* 100, *Midland Deferred* 98, *Dover "A" (South Eastern Deferred)* 120, etc., but very much lower prices have been current since, and there has now occurred a recovery of from 10 to 30 points. To judge from the yield, *Midland Deferred* and *North Staffordshire* are still the best paying shares, and so are, after all, *Brighton "A," Great Western, Furness*, and *North Western*. In the case of *Great Northern Deferred, Great Eastern*, and *Great Central*, better results are looked for, in view of the working arrangement between the two companies, which has not yet borne fruit, but is doubtless doing so in the present year. In fact, the *1894 Preference*, now 75, should get the full 5 per cent. this year. *Brighton "A"* and *Dover "A"* are likely still to lead this market, in view of the large passenger traffic from abroad which will be attracted by the Coronation festivities, but it will also be advisable not to stand out for very big advances now, but to go short turns, and to take profits while they are to be got.

Sharp Rise in Kaffirs and Rhodesians—Frantic Efforts of "Bears" to Climb In.

It is not often the case that the last few days of a nineteen-day account bring a sharp rise in the mining market, but circumstances were altogether exceptional this time, the "Bears" having played about so long, and at prices which were so unduly low, that retribution was certain to overtake them. I have already explained that there was absolutely no unfavourable feature in the Kaffir position, the more so as purchases can still be made in dividend-paying shares to yield from 8 to 12 per cent. per annum. So much has, moreover, been said about the *Crown Mines* and their falling profits that the March profit of £105,076 also disposes of this bogey. The *City Deep*, too, which had commenced running with 50 stamps, is now yielding better results, and I strongly advise holders to stick tight to their substantial shares, and to buy more if they can afford it. Such shares as *Crown Mines, Rose Deep, Knights Deep, Langlaagte Estate, New Kleinfontein, Randfontein Central*, etc., can safely be bought as good investments. Turning now to the Rhodesian market, we find a still more important rise, the level of prices in this department having been very moderate, while there is more margin for a rise in view of the most favourable developments, which are now being confirmed by active working in very rich mines. To show the trend of prices, I herewith give a table again of the leading shares, bringing the same up to date from the issue of March 25th :—

	Highest, 1910.	Lowest, 1910.	Price, Mar. 20, 1911.	Price, April 10 1911.
Lonely Reef	65/-	51/6	2⅝	3⅛
Rhod. Gold Mng. & Invest.	—	—	1½	1 7-16
Shamva Mines	5½	3½	3 11-16	4 3-16
Amal. Prop. of Rhod. (5/-)	13/6	5/3	7/-	7/3
Antelope (5/-)	2½	4/3	8 6*	8/3
Bucks Reef	3 19-32	1 7-16	1½	1½
Chartered	2 1-16	1 15-32	1 17-32	1 11-16
Chicago Gaika	22/6	6/6	13/-	15/-
Eldorado Banket	4 3-16	2 15-16	3 3-16	3 3-8
Enterprise	78/9	2 3-16	2 1-32	2 3-8
Exp. Land & Minerals (5/-)	13/6	6/3	6/3	7/-
Gaika Gold	40/-	16/10½	1½	1 5-8
Giant Mines	5 7-16	3 7-16	3 21-32	4 3-16
Globe and Phœnix (5/-)	3	1 13-32	2⅝	2 13-16
Hay Mines	—	—	1 17-32	1 15-16
Rhodesia Cons. (10/-)	—	—	7 3	7/3
Rhodesia Exp.	4½	2 3-16	2½	2¼
Rezende	3 1-16	1½	1 15 16	2 3-16
Selukwe (5/-)	25/7½	3/-	3/3	3/-
Surprise	75/-	6/4½	1 1-32	1 3-16
Tanganyika Cons.	7½	5½	4 0-16	4 15-16
Willoughby Cons. (10/-)	25/6	10/6	18/-	20/-
Cam & Motor (27/6) (17/6 pd.)	—	—	15/6†	18/-
Falcon Mines	—	—	1½	1¾
Thistle Etna	50/6	12/6	1 3-16	1 1-16
Ldn. Rhod. Mng. & Lds.	2 5-16	1 7-16	1½	1¾

* Split into 5/- shares. † Now 17/6 paid.

The fresh upward movement has only just commenced, and promises to reach large proportions. It will be seen that *Lonely Reefs* have taken a jump to 3⅛, this being one of the richest mines in Rhodesia. Similarly, *Hay Mines* are moving up, and most favourable advices are also to hand concerning that mine, while *Falcon, Cam and Motor, Eldorado*, and *Rhodesia Exploration* are strongly on the upgrade. In addition, there are, amongst the land and finance shares, *Amalgamated Props. of Rhodesia* and *London and Rhodesian Mining and Land* shares, as well as *Rhodesia Gold Mines and Investment*, likely to improve to a marked extent, and even *Shamva Mines* and "*Tanks*" are rising again. If my readers confine themselves to a selection of these shares they are bound to make money. I have already explained how large option dealings are taking place in *Chartered shares*, and these have now improved to 33s. 9d., with every prospect of a further rise. I may mention, by the way, that on the carry-over day one of the largest operators, whose name it will not be difficult to guess, who had hitherto been on the "Bear" tack, suddenly turned round, and bought very large numbers of shares, via Paris and Glasgow. According to an *African World* cable, the Luano coalfield is being opened up, which will ensure a cheap supply for the mines in Rhodesia. That very enterprising company, the *Rhodesia Exploration*, has taken an option over Joe's Luck, near Buluwayo, where work is to be started at once, while the *London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Company* has acquired the Micky Mine in the Darwin district. Diamond shares are also going ahead now, Paris being again a buyer, and *De Beers* are up at 18⅛, *Premier* at 7½. There is renewed talk about a coming arrangement between these two mines. West Africans are but slowly rallying, but as they have surmounted another carry-over they will probably improve now. Some of the best shares to buy amongst these are *Prestea Block "A," Fanti Consols*, and *Ashanti Gold-*

fields. Copper and copper mines are moving but slowly, as the production in the United States is too large for the consumption, and the statements made at the *Rio Tinto* meeting were by no means encouraging for the outlook in the copper industry. On the other hand, tin is in remarkably strong demand for America, and has just taken another jump to £194½. *Mexico Mines of El Oro* have been bid up from Paris to 7¾, and there has been quite a scramble for *Lena* shares, which rose at one time to 5 5-16, some of the "Bears" in St. Petersburg and Paris being very badly mauled. In the West Australian Market matters do not look at all bright, although finally *Bullfinch Proprietary* have recovered to 1¾. By the way, I have to correct a statement made in a recent reply to a reader concerning the *Murchison Associated*. This company has recently paid two dividends, viz., in July, 1910, 5 per cent. net, and in January, 1911, 5 per cent. net, making 10 per cent. for the year 1910.

THE WESTRALIA UNITED GOLDFIELDS—MORE INFORMATION REQUIRED.

Several of my readers have written to complain that the advertisement of the Westralia United Goldfields, Ltd., capital £750,000 of which 700,000 Participating Preference shares of 10s. each were offered last week, did not supply sufficient information as regards the position of the various properties. This is considered very important, in view of the fact that the Bullfinch Proprietary Mine is the chief mine in that district, which derives its value really from the discovery of that mine. The company is formed to acquire eight distinct mines, and prominence is given to what is termed the Bullfinch Main Lode Mine. On page 3 the prospectus states that this mine immediately adjoins the Bullfinch Proprietary Mine on the north-west boundary of the latter, and on page 13 we read: "this mine (lease 961) is peg-for-peg adjoining the Bullfinch Proprietary Mine on its north-west boundary." The question is, if this is so, which are the pegs? The Proprietary Lode evidently follows the usual trend of the W.A. reefs in that district. It is possible, therefore, that the 18 acres of the so-called Bullfinch Main Lode may immediately adjoin peg-for-peg the Bullfinch Proprietary Mine on its north-west boundary, and at the same time be no more likely to prove gold-bearing than if it were on Salisbury Plain. Knowing the fact that worthless claims have been taken up peg-for-peg with mines of good repute, and have been floated on the name only, the omission of plans from a prospectus of this sort is a serious one. It is absolutely necessary that it should be possible to trace on a map the relative position of the various mines as regards the Bullfinch Proprietary, and unless the various correspondents who have written to me can satisfy themselves with regard to the position of the mine, they will do well to refrain from acquiring an interest in the same.

THE RISE IN NILE VALLEY SHARES.

Are our Yankee cousins ambitious enough to covet the possession of gold mines in the Nile Valley? It would almost appear so, as an American syndicate, which includes Mr. Stolz, of the Stolz Electrophone, is negotiating for the control of certain Egyptian mining companies, amongst which is the Nile Valley Gold Mine. I suppose that they would be able to obtain a portion of the properties owned by the Nile Valley Gold Mine if they paid well for it. In the meantime, a précis of report has been received from the mine manager on the development work done on the new discovery, according to which the No. 9 shaft is sunk 58 ft. in rich quartz, the lode at this depth being 3 ft. wide, values varying from 1 oz. to 3 ozs. of gold to the ton. Adits Nos. 1 and 2 have been started from the side of the hill to intersect the chute of gold. No. 1 adit cuts the reef in the shaft at 86 ft., for a distance of 20 ft. on either side of the shaft, assays being 1 oz. 6 dwts. of gold per ton. No. 2 adit is only in 35 ft. It appears that tram-lines are now being laid down to the mill from the new workings. It is significant that there is a strong demand for *Nile Valley* shares up to 8s.

OILS BRACING UP—SPIES DISPLACE SHELLS IN ACTIVITY—CHELEKEN AND BLACK SEA ORDINARY IN INCREASED DEMAND.

Although the volume of activity in Oil shares has not been as great as it might be, this market has maintained a good undercurrent, which gives rise to high hopes as regards the immediate future. There have, in fact, been many features, which show which way the cat is likely to jump. Thus, *Shell Transports*, which are quoted at 9¼., has been displaced by a leader in *Spies*, which, under the influence of well-informed buying, in anticipation of some important developments, have taken a jump to 37s. 6d. *Oil Trust of Galicia*, to which I drew special attention at the outset, are up at 1⅜ premium, in view of the commencement of production, which is giving a profit equal to a rate of over 80 per cent. on the capital of the company. Then, again, *Cheleken Oilfields*, another of my favourities, have advanced to 1¼, and I understand that private advices have been received to the effect that well No. 2 has yielded 600 tons of oil in six hours, showing that the flow improves as the oil strata is penetrated. The Maikop group is straining at the leash, and it only requires the announcement, which is expected on April 20, that the pipe-line has at last come into operation to set things going very strongly here. In fact, *Black Sea Oilfields* have improved to nearly 25s. 6d., but should stand instead at 30s. The latest event to testify to the value of the Maikop Oilfield is the strike made on plot 45, belonging to the Maikop Co-operative Petroleum Company, while boring at a depth of 417 ft., of a column of oil which commenced to spurt up to a height of 10 ft. above the casing; a strong spouter is now expected. The older Russian shares have been easier on profit-taking before the Settlement, notably *Baku* at 4s. 9d. *New Zealand Oilfields*, about which I lately gave some particulars, should not be overlooked. The company owns important concessions, covering 230 square miles, and has ample cash capital. The Colonial Government is optimistic as to the oil prospects, and the well-known Shell Company is reported as about to take an interest in New Zealand. If this is the case, oil production in the Dominion will be much accelerated. The Governor of New Zealand has shown great interest in the oilfields, and recently paid a visit to them. When the big movement in oil shares comes, New Zealand Oilfields shares are likely to be much favoured, which means a big jump in value from the existing unduly depressed figure of 1s. per share. By the way, I should like again to point out that the *Black Sea Oilfields Prefs.* get first 7 per cent. dividend, then the *Ordinary* 7 per cent., and after that the *Ordinary* get 3 per cent. for every 2 per cent. of the *Prefs.* As the dividends will be very high, this will work in favour of the *Ordinary* to a marked extent. The *Maikop Valley Company* does not make such a difference in favour of the Ordinary, and the Prefs. get first 7 per cent. and then share with the Ordinary. This company is working on two plots to the west of the fountain district, and the *Prefs.* are cheap at ⅛ discount. To the same group, which is under the management of Mr. George Tweedy, a leading oil expert who has been connected with Russian and Roumanian oil ventures for 36 years, belongs the *Anglo-Maikop Corporation, Ltd.*, a finance company (shares quoted 1¾) which recently floated the *Maikop Victory Company*. There are quoted in London the shares of some fifteen more Maikop oil companies, but not one amongst these can compare with the *Black Sea Oilfields Ordinary*, while the properties of some of these companies are not likely to yield any oil whatever.

RUBBER SHARES MARKING TIME—WAITING ON THE BRAZILIAN SYNDICATE.

The Rubber share market continues to mark time, and the dealers here are for the present reduced to "taking in one another's washing." The fact is that everyone is waiting on the Brazilian syndicate, and, as it must necessarily take time for the latter to perfect its plans, operators are amusing themselves every now and then by knocking prices about both of rubber and of rubber shares. Yet I have a shrewd idea that if anyone wanted to buy any quantity of the commodity they would have to pay a good deal more than the present price of about 5s. 11d. per lb., and, in fact, the market is quite a nominal one. At the Plantation auctions, which commenced on Monday, about 380 tons were offered, and fairly satisfactory prices were realised. As regards the share market, it has been remarked that, while the "Bears" take every opportunity to bang quotations, they do not commit themselves very far. Under these circumstances, the best advice one can give is to buy the sound shares only, both in the higher and lower-priced divisions, and to take them off the market altogether, thus disarming the ursine operators of one of their most potent weapons. *Linggis* have never quite got down to 5os., and now stand at 5os. 6d., with *Vallambrosa* at 36s. 6d. *Anglo-Malay*, however, have been rather a weak spot at 22s., these shares having been more particularly fancied by a group of operators with no nerve, and who have, therefore, cleared out as soon as there were indications of a reaction. A feature has been the weakness of the Java section, on the plague reports, *Anglo-Dutch* dropping to 16s. 3d., and being now quoted at 16s. 9d. Under all the circumstances, the low-priced division has held its own well, especially *Jequie* at 4s., and *West Jequie* at 2s. 3d. *David Youngs* are at 2s. 3d., but will take a jump as soon as market conditions are more propitious; meantime, the company made a shipment on the 1st inst. of 11 cwt. 2 qrs. of Rubber Balata. *Rubber Exploration* shares close at 2s. 3d. buyers. The new *Bolivian Subsidiary*, which is already producing, will be issued after Easter. *Island Para*, at 2s. 3d., is one of the most attractive of the low-priced shares.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Chatham Curan Land Company.—Investor (East Hill).—You had better send me the correct title. This company is not known here.

Sale of Patent.—J B.—Advertise in the daily press, or place yourself in communication with one of the big contracting firms. If your patent is all that you claim for it, the latter would probably only be too pleased to acquire it.

Oils.—Oils.—All the shares in question are not dividend-paying yet, and my selection would be Shells (2), Mexican Eagle (7), Maikop Pipe Line (9). As regards Black Seas, I prefer the Ordinary to the Preferred for the reasons I have explained, viz., that they take a greater proportion of the profits. R. A. F.—Yes, put the money into Black Sea Oilfields, and into some of the low-priced rubber shares which I have recommended. C. L.—This oil company does not appear to have commenced paying dividends yet, but the shares are a promising holding of the kind.

Deposit Society.—One and All.—I do not advise this kind of investment, and if the amount is not sufficient to put into sound securities, keep it in the P.O. Savings Bank. The interest is small, but the money is quite safe.

Telephone Debentures.—A. E. A.—It might be worth while risking to hold for such a contingency.

Great Central Preference.—J. S.—(1) That is the opinion of the market, but it may, of course, prove too sanguine. There can be no two opinions, however, about the promising character of this lock-up. (2) East London Third Debentures are, of course, quite a speculative holding, but if there is anything in the electrification rumours, they should reach a higher level.

Derelict Sharps.—Port Talbot.—(1) This concern is doing little more than mark time, and the shares have dropped out of the dealings. (2) The latest accounts available, for 1909, showed a loss of £1,242, and there is also no market for the shares. (3) Criminal proceedings have been instituted against the heads of this firm, and there is nothing at all for the shareholders.

Small Investment.—H. H.—Keep the money in the P.O. Savings Bank, or put it into some sound security. If the interest is smaller, the money is safe.

Home Rails.—W. R. (Herts).—Yes, the various Preferred Ordinary stocks in question are still worthy of attention from the investment point of view. You are quite right with regard to the dividends; the figures were printer's errors. I think that South-Eastern Preferred are still the pick of the bunch.

£100 Investment.—A. P. C. (Dover).—There are a good many markets now claiming the attention of the speculator, and with almost equal justice—notably mines, rubbers, oils, and rails. The last-mentioned are, of course, most suitable from the investment point of view. My articles will give you the necessary hints.

£50 Investment.—R. L. D. (Glasgow).—Obviously, such holdings can only be regarded as speculative investments. The best of those mentioned are Ooregums (3) amongst the mines, and Jequie and Jequie West (4 and 5) amongst the rubbers.

Transfer of Shares.—Referendum.—I do not think much of the prospects, and if the transfer involves any further payment of cash, I would not recommend it

Chilian Transandine Debs.—Cliffside.—The interest on the various debenture issued is guaranteed by the Chilian Government for twenty years, but not the principal. The Debentures are a good second-class holding.

Various.—Alfred C. (Berlin).—The Railway bonds in question are only second-rate, if not third-rate. Drury Lane Theatre shares are worth holding as a spec. Six per cent. investments are obviously attended with some risk; but you can get this, and a little more, in Belis United Asbestos 5 per cent. Debentures, at 83; Carlton Hotel 5½ per cent. Cum. Preference, at 91; James Nelson and Sons First Prefs., at 1 3-16; Mexico Tramways 6 per cent. bonds, at 101.

Investment.—3 per Cent. Bank.—This provincial bank is perfectly safe, but you will find it more advantageous, both from the point of view of capital appreciation and higher return, to put the money into sound securities. If the Bank Rate goes down further, deposit rates will decline to a corresponding extent.

Investment in Oil Shares.—London Scot.—You cannot do better than invest the money in Black Sea Oilfields Ordinary shares, at present 24s. None of the other Maikop shares are good, apart from Anglo-Maikop, which is partly a promoting company, and the shares in which stand at 1⅛ per £1 share. As far as the outside broker mentioned by you is concerned, there are various complaints, and you should not deal with him.

Low-Priced Rubber Share.—Box B.G.—(1) Yes, there is a fair prospect of an increase in capital value of these, but all will depend upon the quantity of rubber forwarded. (2) You cannot do better than put the £200 into Randfontein Central, and you should be quick about it, as they are improving.

Building Societies.—H. P. (Brighton).—So many of these societies have suffered by depreciation, and also by the Land Tax, that I am afraid about the further money left to you. You had better lend it out temporarily, until your client resumes full authority.

Advertising Freehold Property.—Land Investment.—I can but confirm what was stated in John Bull, subject to any change which may be caused by recent legislation.

Fanti Consols.—Carrier Cock.—Amongst the West African mines, this is one of the best speculative investments, and whenever that market moves up, they should be well to the fore.

House Purchase.—Doubtful.—Having paid in so much, I do not think it is wise to discontinue, and you had better wait for the seven or eight months before taking such a step

International Schools.—Burtonian.—You must really take your own decision with regard to these shares. Personally, I always prefer investing in securities which can be realised easily in the open market, which, of course, could not be done with these

Balcoro Tin Mines, Ltd.—F. O. N.—The issue of the prospectus has, I understand, been delayed by a strong demand from Paris, where a group has taken firm 40,000 shares. The balance will be offered in London, and the prospectus is to appear directly after the holidays.

New Zealand Oilfields.—J. W. B.—Certainly, buy now to average your cost. See note in "In the City."

Low-Priced Shares.—R. A.—Your selection of Murchison Associated and New Zealand Oilfields for moderate purchases is a suitable one.

£600 Investment.—L. H. (Southport).—Your best plan is to put the money into gilt-edged Colonial Government bonds, such as Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at 96½; and Cape 3 per Cent., at 87.

Ceylon Consolidated Rubber.—F. T.—The shares, 5s. fully paid, are guaranteed 5 per cent., and fair value. The price is 3s. to 3s. 3d.

Club Shares.—H. O.—I should think it would be safest not to take the shares. There cannot be much catch in them, anyhow.

U.K. Savings Investment Corporation.—A. B.—On sending to inquire at 58, Lombard Street, I was not able to find any trace of this concern. You can draw your own conclusions, therefore.

Nutriola Company, Limited.—G. A. (Cambridge).—This is a quack medicine concern which palmed off its stock on its dupes by various shady devices. I am afraid you must grin and bear your loss.

Obscure Industrial.—C. C. W.—I do not like it. You can find far better opportunities in leading Industrials, to the prospects of which I am referring in next week's article.

Japanese.—Leeds.—Yes, Japanese Four per Cent. bonds are a good investment, but not what is known as "gilt-edged."

Outside Brokers.—Dubious.—It is quite absurd to talk about safety in connection with this Birmingham outside firm, about whom there are many complaints. Have nothing to do with them if you do not wish to lose your money. No, I do not believe in the testimonials. X. (Wombwell).—In your position, and having only a few pounds saved, you ought not to speculate with outside brokers of this class, unless you are prepared to lose your money, which is very quickly done. You should save more, and then invest it in good securities. M. T.—I know only too much about the outside brokers first mentioned by you, and I do not think that you will make money through them. As regards Canadian Pacifics, you have to add the option money to the price, so that you would not make any money unless they go to more than 230. The danger with such heavy stocks is that they may as easily fall again. When you see the price is high enough, tell the people to close, but I doubt whether you will get the profit paid to you. I strongly advise you, with the few pounds which you seem to have at your disposal, not to speculate with any of these outside brokers, as you will only lose your money. No stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange, will open an account for three or four pounds. G.—(1) Outside brokers, whose business is conducted satisfactorily, but if you think you will be certain to make profits, you are quite mistaken. It is a matter of speculating, and if it is a question of a few pounds, you had better keep them in your pocket. Exchange (Norfolk).—All these firms, Nos. 1 to 8, are outside brokers, and there is not much to choose between them. Inside brokers will do options on terms, but not in very small quantities. M. P. S.—You want to know whether this concern is going strong. I think the firm are going strong in losing their clients' money, and not paying up. I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with them. The documents are returned. Sunbeam.—I am not surprised to learn that you cannot get your money from No. 1 outside dealers, and I do not think you ever will obtain it, although you might try a solicitor. This surely ought to cure you from dealing with outside brokers like Nos. 2 to 5.—Taffy.—If you do not wish to make similar experiences as one of the readers of John Bull, whose tale I am telling to-day, you had better leave these firms alone, who are all outside brokers of a dubious kind. You should deal through a member of the Stock Exchange. Tom Tiddler.—(1) These are outside brokers, who are anxious to get you in their toils, and when you have done their deals, you will probably not hear much more of them. I do not recommend such speculative dealing with these kind of people. (2) The same. (3) Highly speculative. Exchange.—You do not really think that by putting down £3 you are certain to make £21? You would have to run the risk of losing your money.

Foreign Land Investment.—Dockyard.—There are considerable possibilities, but it would, of course, be a speculation. You must yourself decide whether you will go into it or not. Same reply to C. M. (Norfolk). There is no present value in the Founders' shares.

Black Sea Oilfields.—Y. N. (York).—(1) Yes. (2) *(a)* You cannot do better than buy Black Sea Oilfields Ordinary shares, at about 24s. *(b)* This is a very good investment. *(c)* This is also suitable. (3) Yes. (4) Most of the shares are already dealt in, fully paid, so that there is no further liability. (5) I should think it was a swindle. At all events, it has disappeared.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Policy.—"Don't Care to Wait and See."—We share your view with regard to this office, and we think you would do well to make the change.

Mining.—Camelle.—We do not care much for the insurance company, and it would be advisable to sell the shares. You might, however, find this a matter of some difficulty, as there is no market.

New York Life Insurance Co.—Agent (Shebin-el-Kom).—The company is perfectly safe, and we should advise you to pay up the old loan rather than take out a new one.

Britannic Insurance Co.—R. P. C. (Dorking).—The answer is in the affirmative.

Prudential Assurance Co.—F. R. W. (Bradford).—Yes. The criticisms to which you refer do not include the ordinary branch.

Liability for Fire.—F. C. (Leeds).—In the circumstances stated by you, the Fire Insurance Co. would be liable.

Status of Company.—M. H. (Fitzroy Square).—We should prefer another selection. Surveyor (Manchester).—It is in the front rank.

Insurable Interest.—E. E. J. (Dundalk).—Upon the facts as you state them, you do not seem to have any insurable interest. G A. H.—Your friend has informed you correctly.—C. J. A. W. (Bath).—If the facts are as you state them, there is no insurable interest.

Two Companies.—W. H. D. (Clapham).—Both are first-class offices.

Pearl Life Assurance Company.—E. D. (Ilfracombe).—You need be under no apprehension. The transfer in no way invalidates or weakens your security.

Economic Life Assurance Society.—C. J. H. (Bath).—We do not understand your letter. The communication you send us from Mr. Todd has nothing objectionable in it that we can see, nor does it require you to pay anything that you have not been in the habit of paying. What is it that you object to? We return your policy.

Liability upon Policy.—E. J. H. (Eastbourne).—Why not write to the secretary of the company, telling him the facts?

Union Life Assurance of Canada.—Paul Bry (Preston).—We think so.

London and Provincial Assurance Co.—Policy Holder (Manchester).—We understand that certain difficulties have arisen between this company and the Irish Provident Assurance Co., which have delayed, and may altogether prevent, the absorption of the one company by the other. As you know, the proposition was that the London and Provincial should take over the Irish Provident and the Provincial Homes. In neither case is the absorption completed, in the sense that all the obligations have been transferred to the London and Provincial Assurance Company, but it is not anticipated that there will be any difficulties as between the London and Provincial and the Provincial Homes. The provisional liquidator of the Irish Provident has a claim against the London and Provincial of £27,000, and for the use of staff. These claims are, however, subject to any right or set-off—if any there be—in respect of obligations assumed. It is to be hoped that the differences that have arisen between the two offices will be amicably settled.

We are informed that the Scottish Accident Life and General Insurance Co. has decided to change its name to the Scottish Corporation, Ltd.

"THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

"JOHN BULL" VISITS THE CEREBOS WORKS.

On the invitation of Cerebos, Limited, we paid a visit to their works at Greatham, in the county of Durham, in order that we might inspect their processes of manufacture.

The man who does not know Cerebos Salt, if such there be, must indeed be a recluse, for it is present everywhere, not only in this country, but all over the world. As Captain Scott's expedition carried three quarters of a ton, it will probably reach even to the South Pole shortly.

On our journey North, we ourselves were well primed with Cerebos Salt. We had had it at home before starting, at lunch in a London restaurant, with our dinner on the train, and at breakfast at our hotel. It made one all the more curious to know just how Cerebos Salt is produced.

The Cerebos Estate.

Imagine, then, a tremendous factory and offices situated on 200 acres of land in the heart of the country, away from City smoke and dirt. They are bounded on one side by one of the main lines of the North Eastern Railway Company, from which full gauge branches run through the works in all directions. Beyond the main line are farms, which, indeed, practically surround the estate, one side being contiguous to the sea. Thus are combined the advantages of a factory in the country with every convenience for the manufacture and distribution of the products. Within sight of the works is the village, where are housed the workpeople and their families.

"Mighty Trees from Little Acorns Grow."

The foundations of the present colossal business were laid at Newcastle-on-Tyne about eighteen years ago. The idea of combining the purest salt with the purest phosphate occurred to Mr. Weddell, an analytical chemist, in an effort to replace in the food of his own family the phosphates which are extracted from flour in the course of milling, and from meats and vegetables in cooking. Finding that they benefited, he sent samples to his friends amongst the members of the medical profession. They quickly took up the idea for themselves and their patients, and the circle of admirers and users of Cerebos rapidly widened. To meet the demand thus created, a factory, costing about £28,000, was erected at Newcastle, but soon finding this insufficient for their purpose, the proprietors purchased the present estate, the buildings of which again have already become too small to cope with the consumption—with the result that very large additions are being made, the opportunity also being seized to remodel the machinery and the process of manufacture itself wherever experience has shown that the slightest improvement is possible.

The salt deposit from which the brine is drawn is estimated to cover an area of between four and five square miles, containing approximately the stupendous amount of four to five hundred million tons of salt. We were first of all taken to the wells. There are six brine wells and two for water. The sinking and working of these—as, indeed, practically all other processes—is done by electrically driven machinery (much of which is unique in this country), and a great part of the designing and adaptation of which is due to the ingenuity of the engineer and works manager.

When the electric drill has bored a hole ten inches in diameter and a thousand feet deep, water trickles down and dissolves the bed of salt. The formation of this brine proceeds as fast as the pumps can draw it off. The essential element of the various processes through which the brine has to pass is that it shall be a saturated solution, that is, containing about 27 per cent. of salt.

Evaporating the Brine.

All the wells deliver into one large reservoir, where the crystal brine is purified and filtered into a smaller one. So pure is the brine by this time that, although from six to ten feet deep, a pin may be easily seen at the bottom. An electric pump forces the brine for about half a mile to the reservoirs at the works, whence it is pumped into a tank, where it is again purified. It is then syphoned into large pans for the boiling process, by rapid heating, and in eight to ten hours from the filling of the pans, the workmen begin to take out, with a perforated shovel, the crystals which have been formed at the bottom and sides. These they fill into wooden shapes, making the oblong "blocks" with which we are all familiar. As fast as one can walk round the pan lifting the salt out, fresh crystals have been deposited by the rapid evaporation of the water. The quickness of the operation prevents the crystals becoming of too large a size. The boiling off of the water is a large item in the cost of preparing salt, it requiring about one ton of coal to evaporate the brine to make one and a half tons of salt. In the new factory the evaporation will be done by steam, and will be performed in enclosed pans in which a vacuum has been created. By this means it is estimated that the consumption of coal per ton of salt will be reduced to a third of the present rate. The salt blocks then undergo a thorough drying process in a hot-air chamber, from which they are not released until they have satisfactorily passed the test for dryness. The blocks are then conveyed on an endless chain through immense rollers, and are reduced to a fine, pure, white powder.

Purity and Phosphates.

The distinctive features of Cerebos Salt are, first, that it *is salt*; the salt that has been used by all human beings and animals since the world of life began. Like all successful people, the Cerebos Company has had imitators, some of them unscrupulous, who, in efforts to sell their wares, have tried to suggest that Cerebos Salt is not salt at all, or not natural salt. The Managing-Director informed us that the Company would pay a handsome reward for information which would lead to the conviction of any person who, through self-interest, malice, or ignorance, states that Cerebos Salt is not salt, or not absolutely wholesome as an article of every-day food.

Its next feature is that, whereas salt has in time past been made in all sorts of rough and ready ways, the manufacture of Cerebos Salt is surrounded with the widest knowledge, the highest modern and scientific skill, and the most scrupulous care. This ensures the strict purity so desirable in an article of food.

The third (and most vital) feature of Cerebos Salt is that with this finest salt is blended a small proportion of pure phosphates, which are necessary for building up the body, and which replace the similar phosphates lost in making white flour and in other processes of food preparation. This blending of phosphates was first undertaken in consultation with the highest medical and scientific authorities, whose names it is not etiquette to divulge publicly, although they can be seen by anyone desirous of doing so.

Four machines are employed in the blending process. The complete Cerebos Salt then passes down hoppers, through wooden tubes, to be automatically weighed and packed by machines fed by girls neatly attired, their snow-white aprons and blouses being supplied by the Company.

But there are other salts manufactured by the Company, which are used for various purposes, such as Dairy Salt, Fishery Salt, etc. These are made by keeping the brine at boiling point for three days, and then allowing it to evaporate at a slower rate for a fortnight. When it is just about warm it is shovelled up, allowed to drain, and then taken in trucks to be tipped on immense heaps in a large warehouse, which holds four thousand tons.

Marvellous Automatic Machinery.

We wish we had here space to describe the marvellous automatic machinery by which the tins are made, the salt placed in them, and the packing cases manufactured, but an account of these wonderful operations will be found in an early issue of our conjugal contemporary, *Mrs. Bull*. We must, however, mention the fully equipped laboratory, where all materials are tested during every stage of manufacture, and where research work is constantly going on with the object of improving, if only in the slightest degree, the quality of the Company's productions.

Other Cerebos Specialities.

The Company, by the way, manufactures several other useful and increasingly popular articles of food—such as "Bisto," a powder combining in itself the necessary properties for thickening, colouring, and seasoning gravies and soups (not merely a gravy salt); Cerebos Baking Powder; Cerebos Pepper and Cerebos Health Saline.

The prosperity of the Company has been shared in various ways and in an unusual degree by its workpeople—such as by means of the distribution of an annual share of the profits and the provision of garden allotments. A spirit of *camaraderie* has thus been fostered between the employees and their masters, which must have contributed not a little to the building up of the enviable reputation of the Cerebos Company.

OUR PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER IN MANCHESTER.

"PLEDGING" THE DEAD.—MANCHESTER TRAFFIC.—A PEEP BEHIND THE MUNICIPAL SCENES.

A Gruesome Discovery.

Gruesome subjects are not pleasant to touch upon, but as I rarely shirk a duty, however unpalatable it may be, I feel compelled to make public a terrible condition of affairs which was brought to light here quite recently. Let not those of other cities imagine that it can have no interest for them, for the similarity of human nature is great, and the evils discovered in one place most probably exist unsuspected in another.

In one of the poorer districts of Manchester the police have just found on the premises of a female undertaker the bodies of nine children—all very young, seventeen days being the oldest—waiting until the parents could secure the necessary burial fees, to be buried. The remains were discovered in an outhouse; and, impossible as it may seem, one body had been there for two weeks.

On making inquiries, I find that there is nothing at all unusual in this procedure. The poorer people are very sensitive where their dead are concerned, and have a great aversion to what is termed "a pauper's grave." It is in times of trouble or death that the real good-heartedness of the working-class shows itself. Directly the neighbours learn that the house of someone in their midst has been visited by death, a subscription is started. However, as they are in receipt of only a meagre wage themselves, a week or so often has to pass ere sufficient has been raised to satisfy the undertaker, and apparently his premises are used as a sort of pawnshop for dead bodies.

When a child has had a separate existence, the doctor gives a certificate of death, and a post-mortem is not necessary. Consequently, it is very doubtful if anything further will be heard about the matter.

The "profession" is hardly what one would consider a suitable one for a woman to follow, yet there are in Manchester, at any rate, several "lady undertakers," and very often midwives add this class of work to their own. Without disputing that the present strictness with regard to child insurance is necessary, I cannot help feeling that something ought to be done to prevent such horrible happenings as those mentioned. Surely, the people who have the delicacy of feeling to desire that their children should have private burial, could be safely trusted to pay for the interment. In the interests of health, dead bodies should not be allowed to lie for days and days in an outhouse.

Manchester Traffic the Worst Directed in the World.

It is time that the public insisted on a check being placed on the motor car fiend. The state of affairs in Manchester is disgraceful, and every day has its black record of disaster and death brought about by these hooligans. What amazes me is that the City Council seems absolutely asleep and indifferent to the slaughter which is going on. The coroners' juries also would be doing no more than their duty in committing a lot of the drivers for trial for manslaughter. We must insist on reform, and I should suggest that a strip of pavement—say, two feet wide, with openings, of course, at crossings—be laid along the centre of each main street: this would give a regular up and down stream of traffic, keep every vehicle on its own side of the road and afford at the same time a place of refuge for pedestrians in danger.

What are the police doing? They are, I suppose, responsible for the regulation which tells all drivers they must go round on the wrong side when a vehicle or tram is stationary in front. Why not compel all drivers to stop on their own side and wait until the stationary vehicle in front has moved on? Speed is absolutely without check, and all drivers of motors go at what speed they like. I called at the Hackney Coach Department at the Town Hall the other day, and asked them for a copy of the bye-laws and regulations ruling the Manchester street traffic. They told me they hadn't a copy, but referred me to the Chief Constable's office. On application there I was told they hadn't one, but said I might apply at a local law stationer's. But they, in turn, said they hadn't one—anything I wanted would have to be specially ordered. It seems as though a citizen is unworthy of consideration. A most scandalous state of things. Are the police afraid of the public getting copies?

A Peep Behind the Municipal Scenes.

The power of Officialdom is not only getting tyrannous, but a menace to the prevalence of the will of the people. So much has this been recognised, that a Manchester Councillor has tabled a resolution that municipal servants shall be municipally disfranchised. In Manchester, there are 19,962 servants of the Corporation, the tramways alone employing 4,429; and such was the allied power of the latter that at the November elections they were able to return their nominee against the gentleman who was Chairman of the Special Committee for revising the salaries and wages, and who had been in the Council since 1875.

In Manchester, it was recently avowed with frankness that the various Committees are selected politically and not in accordance with the suitability of the members. The same rule applies to the selection of Chairmen, and once they are installed, they are like Czars in their autocracy—and no matter what the scheme of one may be, it is supported by all.

Oh, for Business Municipal Government!

Lord Derby, the new President of the Conservative Party in Manchester, has laid it down that in future all Municipal elections shall be political. The "change" is not so real as it seems, for instances are many where by political compacting the people have for years been virtually disfranchised. Men with a desire to enter the Council as "Independents" know that it is almost futile making the effort, and if by the rarest chance one does succeed—unless he be strong, persevering, knowledgeable and optimistic—he will have a sorry time. Such a man must be kept at arm's length. He might expose the ignorance of the Chairman of a Committee, who poses to the present members as a paragon of technical knowledge. Such a Chairman and the chief official are hand-and-glove, and as a reward for keeping the chairman from exposing his ignorance, the official will get his salary advanced to such a figure as no private firm would, or could, afford. It is on record that one official got a berth calling for highly technical knowledge because an Alderman had known him from a lad, when he had been a member of a Sunday School class. At one religious institution a person present was named as the future occupant of a leading official position three months before the "selection" was made. The "job" had been "cut and dried," and yet capable, worthy men, with honourable records, were invited to apply for the post, and they were not very well pleased when they knew that they never had a chance, and were asked to attend before the Committee only for public effect. Now, listen to something like what takes place on the Nomination Committee—subservient, of course, to political requirements. Say, work on Committees has to be found for two newly-elected members. "Who is Brown?" is asked. "He's a terribly rough chap and very illiterate." He is thereupon put upon the Art Gallery Committee. "Who is Smythe?" is then asked. "He's an Oxford chap. Has written a lot about art." He is, therefore, put upon the Street Paving Committee.

The consequence of the canonisation of Chairmen is that they regard criticism, advice, requests for information, or the mildest intervention as impertinence. In Glasgow there is a standing order that no member of the Corporation shall hold the Chairmanship of a Committee for more than three years. This rule acts as an impetus to the younger members of a Committee to excel. Such a proposal was made in Manchester a year or two ago, but as it had not the backing of any of the political parties, it met with scant courtesy.

Oh, for a business municipal administration!

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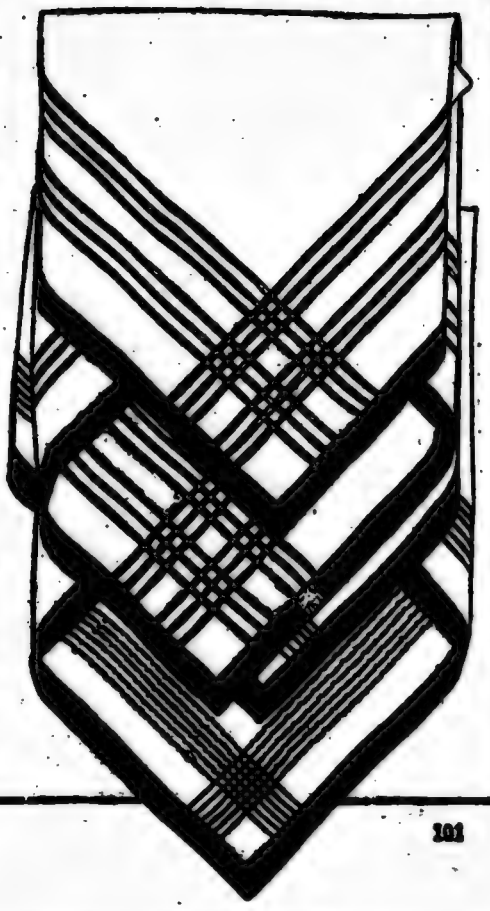

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IN SHADES OF DRAB, GREEN, AND FAWN RAINPROOF TWILLETTES.

HARRODS Ltd., Brompton Road, London, S.W.

RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.

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Almost any one can think of some purpose for which he would like to save. The Anglo-Dutch Insurance and Investment Corporation, Limited; an Insurance Company unique in its kind, has provided a plan. This Company has deposited under the regulations of the Insurance Companies Act, 1909, the sum of £20,000 with the Paymaster-General of the Supreme Court.

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E13

"THE FLIGHTY SERIES."—III

A SHORT HISTORY OF AVIATION.

By Archie de Bear.

PART II.

What Aviation Means.

AVIATION.

Means

TARIFF REFORM FOR ALL!

(Buy an Aeroplane and Dodge the Customs.)

The following report has been received from the special correspondent sent by aeroplane on behalf of "The Flighty Series." Our correspondent was instructed merely to "drop us a line" (in the strictest sense of the expression) about the meeting in question. He has thought fit to report the proceedings fully, and we fear that the reader will have to grin and bear it.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

This was a well-attended meeting of the Birds of the Air, every class being represented.

The notice which had been sent out, convening the assembly, stated that it was

> . . . called for the purpose of discussing a serious invasion into that which we have always looked upon as our lawful property—the air in general—by a new man-made bird, commonly known as the *Aeroplane*, and of considering what steps should be taken to prevent such presumed ownership being now disputed.

The Eagle took the branch at 4 a.m., and read the notice convening the meeting.

The discussion was then opened by the Crow, who, in a witty speech, explained the situation and set forth the following proposals:—

"This invasion," said the Crow, "has got to be crushed—and crushed with a strong claw. If it continues to increase at the present alarming rate, it is certain that there will soon be absolutely no space left in which *we* may fly. What, may I ask, is to become of us after that? I have looked at the matter in every light and I really see nothing but detriment in it. The smell of petrol, the noise of the engines, and the tobacco smoke of the operators—all these things are going to make our lives miserable, and while the ugliness of these so-called birds may be looked upon as a minor consideration, we have, even there, to think of the eyesore which we will always have to suffer. Think of it! Even in the case of the one machine which does, possibly, bear some resemblance to one of us, the pilot—that man, Latham—goes and spoils it all by smoking cigarettes. Fancy a bird smoking cigarettes! (Cries of "Fancy!") But need I continue enumerating the terrible effects of this invasion? I see only one way of fighting it. Some of us will have to suffer martyrdom in the good cause by getting mixed up with the machinery of these things. They are helpless without their machinery, and, when they see that we are determined to investigate it too closely, I predict that they will cease to be so 'fly.' (Shrieks of laughter.) I, for one, am prepared to sacrifice myself in the way I have described, and I commend my proposal to the favourable consideration of this meeting." (Cheers.)

"Personally," continued the Crow, "I have an additional grievance of my own. It is this. If these things have come to stay, these human fools beneath us will no longer speak of distances 'as the crow flies'; it will be 'as the aeroplane flies,' and in this way, of course, I will lose considerable prestige." (Renewed shrieks of laughter.)

The Canary was not inclined to agree with its honourable friend who had just perched down. So far as prestige was concerned, in connection with the use of the name, the Crow should be reminded that, come what may, human beings would never cease to crow over their doings, and, silly as they were, it was not imaginable that they would ever be silly enough to speak of the cock-aeroplane, instead of the cock-crow.

The Canary was, however, in a position to bear out the statement made by the last speaker as to the alarming progress being made by these new birds, in order to illustrate the effect of which, in every quarter, it was only necessary to relate a personal experience.

"I was" (continued the Canary) "visiting a relation, who occupies a cage in a children's class-room. I entered the room by the window, when the class was absent at play, and I happened to glance at an open copy-book lying on one of the desks. I assure you that the sentence which met my gaze caused me the greatest pain. That sentence was, 'If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly, fly again,' and nothing could speak more eloquently as to the serious intentions of humanity towards us." (Hear, hear.)

The Swallow seconded this proposal, thinking that it would be much more effective and much less dangerous than the bloodthirsty idea of the Crow. Indeed, the latter proposal would not be effective at all without entailing wholesale slaughter. "Personally" (the Swallow went on), "I have actually witnessed a flight of one of these birds, with that man Sommer as pilot, and the machinery is so vast and complicated that I am sure it would take more than one bird of my calibre to wreck it. One swallow does not wreck a Sommer, and I fail to see the sense in a proposal which entails universal suicide on our part, in order to regain our freedom! Meanwhile, they ought to know, those people below, how foolish they are making themselves look in our eyes. Do you know that these new birds have no nests, but only great wooden sheds! How, I should like to know, do they expect to bring up their young ones in wooden sheds?"

The Grouse was the next speaker. "Things," it said, "are not bad enough as they are, but we must needs have the pleasant prospect of their so-called sportsmen coming to closer quarters to shoot us! It is absolutely heart-breaking."

"Now then," interposed the Partridge (who, while not being very Parliamentary in regard to speech, certainly possesses a sense of humour), "what are *you* grousing about?" (Shrieks of laughter.) "Haven't you got the sense to see that they will not be able to shoot while they are piloting the birds, and that, with many of them in the air, the others will hesitate about shooting from down below, in fear of hitting their own people?" (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

The Lark ventured to mention that it was thinking seriously of a change of name, because it really seemed that life in the future would be no laughing mater.

And then the Owl spoke. A death-like silence reigned amongst the other birds as they listened to the words of wisdom.

"I have," said the Owl, "thought the whole matter over very seriously, and let me urge you all to treat it in a philosophical way. I am, in the first place, inclined to think that the imagination of my honourable friend, the Crow, is going rather too far when it suggests that these new birds will become so numerous as to deprive us of the entire air in which we fly. But you have heard sufficiently of the disadvantages of this invasion, and I will, therefore, turn immediately to the other side of the picture. What do I see? I see many things. Let us rejoice to think that there will be no further necessity for cruelly utilising our friend the Pigeon on messenger work. Let us also take heed of the sensible words of the Partridge, as to shooting. And let us remember that there are times, when we are flying at lofty altitudes, when it is necessary to continue flying, but when we are stricken by a 'tired feeling.' What is to prevent us, at such times, from continuing our flight by reposing on one of these machines? Does it not strike you that they will be a boon in such circumstances? Let us also bear in mind that a time will come when these things will travel much at night, carrying brilliant lights. Will that not also help us to fly by night, when occasion arises? In short, it appears to me that the disadvantages of this invasion do not outnumber the advantages, and I venture to suggest that no good can be done by continuing the discussion at the present juncture." (Cheers and counter-cheers.)

Several further speeches were made, agreeing reservedly and unreservedly with the remarks made by the Owl, and then the question was put as to whether the discussion should be proceeded with.

On a show of wings, the Eagle announced that the Ayes exactly equalled the Noes (all, sad to relate, voting with selfish motives), and the announcement was greeted with renewed cheers and counter-cheers.

No resolution, therefore, was passed, and the birds dispersed, the meeting being adjourned *sine die*

HAVE YOU SEEN "THE MISSING LINK"?

A fascinating and easy competition with big cash prizes just commenced in "MRS. BULL." Every "JOHN BULL" reader can and should enter.

NOT LESS THAN £100 IN PRIZES GUARANTEED THIS WEEK.

You have tried limericks and possibly have never invented a winning line. Has the fault been yours? Probably not. The ask may have been too difficult or the judging not wise, but whether you have or not, you should try the latest thing in competitions, "The Missing Link"—the most entertaining and simple prize scheme ever evolved. What is the Missing Link? Here is the idea in a nutshell. In each week's issue of "Mrs. Bull" is given a verse from which one line is missing. All you have to do is to complete the verse. Find what you consider to be the cleverest and aptest line, send it in and win a prize. The following is this week's verse:—

A clever young fellow named Percival Binks
Discovered one morning some fine "Missing Links";
Then said to his sweetheart, "Now married we'll be,"
.....

For your guidance here are two examples of final lines:—"And then you'll be Linking not Rinking with me": or "If only I win 'Mrs. Bull's' L. S. D."

Readers of "John Bull" can make use of the free coupon below, which fill in and send *with a postal order for 6d.* to "Mrs. Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by Tuesday, April 18th. Mark your envelope "Link." 10 big cash prizes will be awarded to the owners of the 10 best lines, and various cash prizes to those next in order of merit.

Read the Conditions Below.

1. Send a line to complete the above verse.
2. All lines must be written on the coupon below, additional coupons to be taken from JOHN BULL or MRS. BULL, but all should be sent in one envelope.
3. For every two lines you send you must remit a Postal Order for Sixpence and each Postal Order should be made payable to the Editor, MRS. BULL, and should be crossed "and Co."
4. All the money received (less 10 per cent. for working expenses) will be divided amongst the successful competitors.
5. To the senders of the ten best lines, Large Cash Prizes will be awarded, and other Cash Prizes to numbers of others sending the next best lines. *Not less than £100 will be awarded this week, but it may be considerably more.*
6. In everything connected with the Competition the Editor's decision will be absolutely final, and readers may enter only on that clear understanding. No correspondence whatever can be entered into in connection with this competition.

Remember you can send two lines for each Sixpence that you remit. You are not bound to send two. One alone may win.

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MAKE USE OF THIS FREE COUPON.

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A GOOD LINE + A 6D. P.O. = A BIG CASH PRIZE.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Stage Morality."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

A well-known theatrical manager utterly repudiates the idea of the drama being a moral teacher, and declares that its function is to represent life. He says, "I go to a theatre neither to be instructed nor to be moralised; indeed, I find that modern plays which profess to have the latter object usually disdain morals, and are nasty and neurotic."

To me it seems that the whole question is involved in these three simple words, "to represent life." When life is extremely unpleasant, base, pernicious and ugly, are we to represent it, cancer and all, in order to cut it out? In fact, is the Stage to be a hospital ward of comfort and rest, or the operating theatre with the blood-stained tables? It brings me happiness to visit the wards of a hospital where hope and courage prevail, but it makes me sick to go into the "Knife" chamber and see the suffering bodies dissected.

As an instrument for good or evil, the Stage is all-powerful, and the theatre has not fulfilled its mission if it provides amusement only. All the great dramatists must own up to the truth of this assertion. Had they written for amusement only, they would never have been great. Those who wrote for amusement are dead and forgotten, those who wrote to teach will never die, but go on teaching in their immortal works. They have helped to make language, mould thought and form morality. Shakespeare is the greatest moral force that humanity has produced. He has become a standard of morality. Quotations from his writings have passed into our language, and have become part and parcel of it. "The Stage Can Do No Wrong" seems to be the accepted motto of the supporters of the drama as we see it to-day.

There is no more useful citizen than the actor if he determines not to defile the stage. Once upon a time the playgoing public had implicit trust in the dramatist.

"I wonder how a congregation would behave if a preacher entertained them with realistic comments and salacious details of the stories of David and Bathsheba, or Susannah and the Elders?" Thus wrote Wilson Barrett in 1904.

Managers grumble about their poor balance-sheets and empty houses; they have nobody but themselves to blame for this state of things. Go to Wyndham's Theatre, where Gerald du Maurier is playing in Haddon Chambers's most human and touching story—you'll not find emply benches there.

"The Stage Can Do No Wrong." Can't it? I could quote more than one, two, three, four, or more who have been influenced for ill by the insinuating sermons preached from the theatrical platform, and on the other hand morally benefited by the good they have heard there.

Isn't it time to show some resentment, and try to stop the stage from being utterly degraded, as it is being, by such evil and disgusting plays as we have seen lately?

"Joe" Parkinson.

The passing away of "Joe" Parkinson's widow reminds me of many a story of days gone by. "Joe" was always a wonderful lady-killer, and absolutely refused to allow his hair to turn grey. But the dye he used was not so permanent as it is made now, and in the rain "Joe" would occasionally become an extraordinary sight. His hair and moustache he dyed as black as coal, and one day, when words had been thrown about angrily in the Garrick Club between Mr. Parkinson and another member, Comyns Carr stepped into the breach, and turned anger into smiles with this witty remark, "Oh! you mustn't take any notice of dear old Joe; *he's not so black as he is painted!*"

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETING.

April 17th—Judge Eldon Bankes.

Thyme grows on many banks we know,
And makes them soft to lie on;
May time on Eldon Bankes bestow
Such fame that culprits will be slow,
That foolish "lay" to try on.

The John Bull League.

THE PRESIDENT AT PLYMOUTH.

The long anticipated visit of the President took place on Friday last, when he addressed a crowded meeting in the Guild-hall. The hour before his address began was pleasantly beguiled by a splendid recital on the Grand Organ by Mr. J. H. Lucas, Mus. Bac., to whom the Branch is very much indebted for valuable assistance in connection with its musical arrangements. The old and new League Songs were rendered by Mr. Harry Thornton. Mr. James Stephens proved an admirable chairman, and in a happy little speech introduced the President, who, on rising, was received with tremendous applause. He was in splendid form, and that his remarks met with the approval of his hearers was evident from the cheers which broke forth again and again. The organisation of the meeting was admirably carried out by the Committee, who received loyal assistance from a large body of members in the capacity of stewards. The Local Secretary, Mr. A. E. Hutchings, and the Assistant Secretary, Mr. F. Clemow, were indefatigable in their efforts, which, it is our pleasure to record, met with such success.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Dundee.—A very successful Smoking Concert was held at the City Hotel on Wednesday, April 5th, when a first-class programme was provided, and every item thoroughly enjoyed by the large company present. The new League Song was well rendered by Mr. McFarlane, and the original Song by Mr. George Blair. The other artistes, Messrs. W. Drummond, John Ogg, George Morris, and W. Johnston, were the recipients of hearty applause for their efforts. Councillor Noble gave a brief address on the objects of the League, and a very able speech by Mr. A. Carr was listened to with closest attention.

Birmingham.—Saturday last was a regular field day for the League in Birmingham. Following up the various meetings organised and arranged by the eight Divisions of this district (each of which has its own committee), there were scattered all over the city stands exhibiting the petition to the City Council for the extension of the cheap tickets for workmen till 9 a.m., instead of finishing at 8, as at present. The popularity of the appeal was evident, for during the whole time there was a constant stream of men and women coming up to the tables, while in some of the busier parts there was a surging mass eight or ten deep, all anxious to record their opinion. It was necessary in some cases to have as many as eight assistants. The only place that did not fall into line was the King's Heath Division, and here the Chief of Police refused to grant the Local Secretary permission to erect the stand. The Local Branch will keep its eye on this gentleman. It is not at present possible to estimate the number of signatures which were obtained, but it runs into tens of thousands, and there are hundreds of petition forms out still in the various works, mills, factories, etc. A well-attended meeting of the Handsworth Branch was held at the Star Hotel, Birchfield Road, on April 4th, when the committee and officers were elected. Mr. T. Wiggin delivered a forcible address on the objects of the League, and the meeting closed with a musical programme, the principal artists being Mr. Harry Crisp (Elocutionist), Mr. Sam Selwyn (Sifflleur), Mr. Joe Cooper (The Midland Tenor), and Mr. Hardiman (Humorist), who were heartily applauded for their items.

Manchester.—The resolutions which were adopted at the recent public meetings regarding the proposed extension of the time during which workmen's cheap fares are in operation in the mornings were brought before the Tramways Committee of the City Council, who passed a resolution instructing the General Manager to prepare and submit a report. The reasonable attitude of the Tramways Committee and their willingness to regard the wishes of the people will, we are sure, meet with much approval. It is also gratifying to know that the Lord Mayor (the Right Hon. Chas. Behrens) has given a sympathetic ear to the representations which have been made to him on this important subject, and his popularity, already very great, will, we feel sure, be still further enhanced.

Sheffield.—As announced, an open meeting and concert was held at the Burngreave Vestry Hall on Monday, April 3rd, presided over by Dr. R. H. Wilson. Mr. E. H. Thomas sang the League Song in his usual masterly style. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. C. L. Kay, whose exposition of the aims and objects of the League was much appreciated by the audience. Further musical items by Messrs. J. H. Froggatt and E. H. Thomas concluded a very enjoyable evening. Arrangements have been made for a Smoking Concert and Dance (concert, 8 to 10; dancing, 10 to 1) to be held at the Cambridge Hall on Thursday, April 20th. An excellent programme has been arranged, and application (accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) for tickets (complimentary) should be made before the 17th inst., to the Local Secretaries at 53, Idsworth Road, Pitsmoor; 258, School Road, Crookes; and 73, Willoughby Street, Firth Park. Will any members who have not forwarded their subscriptions kindly pay same to the Local Secretaries at the addresses above mentioned?

100,000 FOUNDERS' LAND SHARES

Value £25,000 for the Asking.

Enormous Profits of from 100 to 1,000 per cent.
Anticipated on Absolutely Safe First-Class Freehold Securities

The money-making opportunity of a lifetime is offered to-day.

Everyone who wishes to multiply their money without risk will be sent full particulars of this marvellous opportunity of enrichment on application to-day to the address given below.

And with these particulars you will be sent as a Free Gift a Founder's Share in a great Industrial undertaking, for which you will not have to pay a single farthing.

Only the first 100,000 readers who apply will receive this gift of a free share. Those who write later will be sent particulars alone. So every moment is precious if you want to share in this opportunity-of-a-lifetime distribution of "scrip" representing the large sum of £25,000.

With the great circulation of this journal this announcement will be read this week by at least 1,000,000 people. The response will be enormous. Every free share will undoubtedly be applied for within the next few days. No time is to be lost if you are to be one of the fortunate 100,000 possessors of a Free Founder's Share in the great undertaking described below. (A certain number of Free Shares have been reserved for distant readers, who will receive every consideration.) Don't wait until this evening, then, but sit down and send in your application Now.

WHAT A POSTCARD WILL BRING YOU—FREE

Send a postcard (bearing your name and address) to-day to the United Service Share Exchange, 2, Army and Navy Mansions, 115, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W. (or call in person—it is just the same).

By return you will receive gratis and post free the following:—

1. Full particulars of a magnificent gilt-edged investment whereby £5 may be made with £1 without risk.
2. A book fully describing a method of purchasing Freehold Land Preference shares bearing interest at the rate of 7½ per cent., and which, it is anticipated, will eventually bring in a clear profit of over 500 per cent.
3. A map and ground plan of the rising, popular, and fashionable seaside resort of St. Cécile, near Boulogne, in the increasing prosperity and site-value of which you will participate if you accept this unparalleled opportunity.
4. Other particulars concerning this opportunity of making large profits from the rising value of this prosperous and fashionable watering-place—the very safest way of making large sums of money in the world—the very way, in fact, in which the millions sterling of the Astors, the Dukes of Westminster, Norfolk, Bedford, and Portland, and Lord Howard de Walden have been made.
5. A free Founder's share in the Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts (Ltd.), for which you will not have to pay a single farthing.

All the above will be posted you by return, free of charge, on receipt of a postcard bearing your full name and address.

THE LAND AS THE FOUNDER OF YOUR FORTUNE.

As already stated, the policy of investing in land on which a thriving and rising town is situated is the safest way of making money—sometimes in very large sums, indeed—that has ever been discovered.

The watering-place of St. Cécile is bound in the near future to be the most prosperous watering-place in Northern France. Its situation is superb. St. Cécile is only 3¼ hours by train from Paris, four hours from London, and 90 minutes from Folkestone.

These natural advantages are working every day to increase the value of the land on which St. Cécile is built; all proclaim the glowing future of the community; all corroborate the statements already made that those who take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to-day will not only receive their safe 7½ per cent. interest, but will see their original capital (whether £5, £50, £500, or £5,000) doubling, trebling, or quadrupling itself as the months go by, until it has multiplied not only one-hundredfold, but even to the extent of 500 or even more per cent.

VAST PROFITS MADE BY LESS WELL-FAVOURED LOCALITIES.

That this estimate is not an exaggerated one is proved by the stupendous rise in land-values at similar resorts, many of them much less well-favoured by nature than St. Cécile.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY, 7½ PER CENT. ASSURED INTEREST. AN IMMENSE PROFIT-MAKING OPPORTUNITY.

Write for these particulars to-day—free to you.

You will then see that the Participating Preference shares of the Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts (Ltd.) are issued at £1 apiece, and bear an interest of 7½ per cent.

The safety of these shares is absolutely secured by freehold land. At the lowest estimate this land alone is worth £53,000 in excess of the face-value of the Preference shares, thus securing not only the return of the capital invested, but more than as much again.

The safety of your investment is therefore absolutely assured.

Further, in addition to the freehold land, the company acquires the Grand Hotel de Casino (situated on the sea-front with an uninterrupted view across the Channel). This hotel is being considerably enlarged for the coming season.

THE VIEW, Bart Kennedy's paper, speaking of these shares says:—

—"FORTUNES AWAIT INVESTORS"

"Who have now the opportunity of getting in on the ground floor."

TEST WHAT WE SAY. SEND FOR A FOUNDER'S

Share, which will be sent you Free, and Without Liability, with full particulars.

Simply write your name and address on a postcard and send it *at once* to—

THE UNITED SERVICE SHARE EXCHANGE
(Dept. J.B.),
2, Army and Navy Mansions,
115, Victoria Street, Westminster,
London. S.W.

THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By Allan Sutor.

The Gold Sash.

The "experts" in the House of Commons were able to have a regular field day on the subject. Lord Tullibardine suggested that the reign of fashion in the Army would culminate in harem skirts for Highland regiments, and when "Colonel" Seely commenced his reply in the words, "I have seen the Secretary for War," a voice queried, "What, in the sash?" and a wild Irishman added the comment "He'd need five yards extra." But the introduction of the sash was intended to be part of the "levelling-up" process that is being applied to the Territorials. The Territorials were to be united with the officers of the Regular Army in the great privilege of wearing the sash at levées, balls and other State functions. That is how it is intended to produce in the Territorial the same high standard of efficiency that obtains in the case of the Regular.

The Lords' Debate

on military matters has once more given Lord Roberts, who was Commander-in-Chief for three years after the South African War, another much-desired opportunity to testify his extraordinary willingness to straighten out the military tangle. The great War Minister of ex-Chancery fame was also able to express with due diffidence "his feelings of affectionate regard for his noble friend," and to welcome him as a "fellow author." The War Minister, by the way, is the author of "The Dedicated Life." "But," said our great War Minister, "I cannot really accept the statement of my noble friend (the Field-Marshal) that the expeditionary force is in a bad condition, for I"—(Viscount Haldane, ex-Chancery lawyer, author of "The Dedicated Life")—"believe it is in a good condition."

Our Great Generals!

We have so many Generals and Field-Marshals, all serving the Empire, that occasionally it must be difficult for the public to realize the nature and extent of their military duties. General Sir Ian Hamilton is rushing off to the West Indies to "inspect" the troops that used to be stationed there before the present Government removed the larger proportion of them. The General will arrive at Barbados on April 10th. Thence he will proceed to Trinidad and Kingston, where he will rest for a week; so the official programme states. Afterwards he will proceed to Bermuda, returning in time for the Coronation festivities. He will then rest for another week. then proceed to South Africa to inspect Lord Methuen and his little lot. Then the "flighty and unreliable" one will have another rest—a longer one, it is to be hoped. Meanwhile, the members of the great Army Council, not to be left behind, have been touring the same Mediterranean, also "inspecting."

The Army Bucking Up!

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood has been given a job at the Tower of London, which means a free house with gas and coals thrown in. The gallant Field-Marshal has already been Chairman of the London Territorial Association, where he has done yeoman service. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is engaged in a political campaign "in the country," making a great name for himself by collecting statistics as to the number of patriots converted by himself to the great principle that every man ought to agree that every other man ought to serve his country—at once!

Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, the only man of the lot, has at last been charged with the great national task of commanding the men who are to decorate the streets on the occasion of the King's Coronation!

A Tobacco Discovery

HILL'S Nyasa

Smoking Mixture

Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths yet at a moderate price A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it to-day, you will be delighted.

Price 5d. per oz.,
Cartridges 5½d.

Nyasa Mixture can also be obtained extra coarse cut "Scotch Blend" at the same price.

NYASA Cigarettes
10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers,
R. & J. HILL, LTD., 76c, Shoreditch, London, E.,
who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

The Konak
SELECTED BRIARS

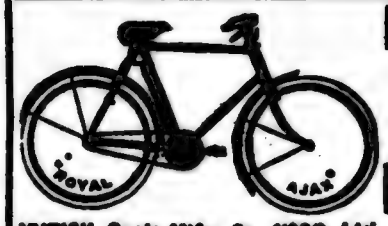
Best Vulcanite Mouthpiece, scientifically constructed to minimise the pressure upon the teeth.

This unique design, made in all the favourite patterns, ensures a thoroughly cool and comfortable smoke

The general excellence of this pipe will delight even the most discriminating smoker.

Price 2/6 each.

(Hall-marked silver mounts.)



ROYAL AJAX

Established 25 Years.
From 6/- Per Month.
OR SECOND-HAND £2 10s. Cash.
LISTS POST FREE.

BRITISH Cycle M'fg. Co. (1901), Ltd. (Dept. A), 1 & 2, Berry St., LIVERPOOL.

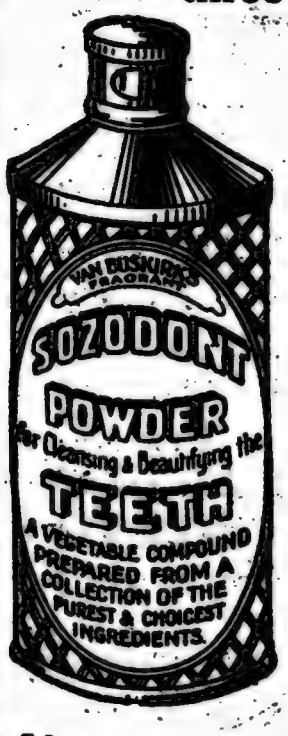
WATSON'S BLUE BAND WHISKY

Sozodont

FOR THE TEETH.

Has it ever occurred to you how unhygienic the usual flat tin of tooth powder is? Usually the tin is left open, allowing contamination. And in any case the act of dipping the wet tooth brush in the powder makes the latter wet and nasty. Sozodont Tooth Powder is in hygienic tins. You simply pour out on to the brush just as much powder as you want, make a half turn of the top and the tin is closed. No contamination—no wasting the powder. And Sozodont is the nicest and the most efficacious dentifrice you can use.

Sozodont is made in three forms — powder, liquid and paste, each equally effective. Try the powder first, it meets the requirements of most people. In 6d. and 1/- sizes. Chemists, Druggists, and Stores everywhere.


VAN BUSKIRK'S FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
POWDER
for Cleansing & Beautifying the
TEETH
A VEGETABLE COMPOUND PREPARED FROM A COLLECTION OF THE PUREST & CHOICEST INGREDIENTS.

HALL & RUCKEL.
London.
Manchester.

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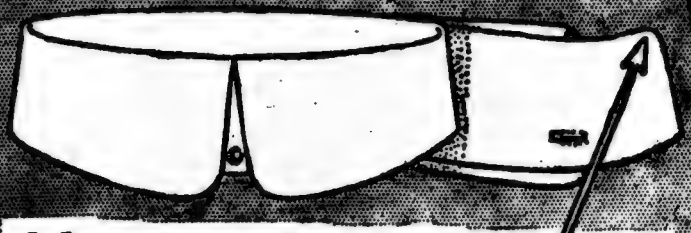


No need to depend on your Tie to adjust your Collar.

The Lock Top does it!

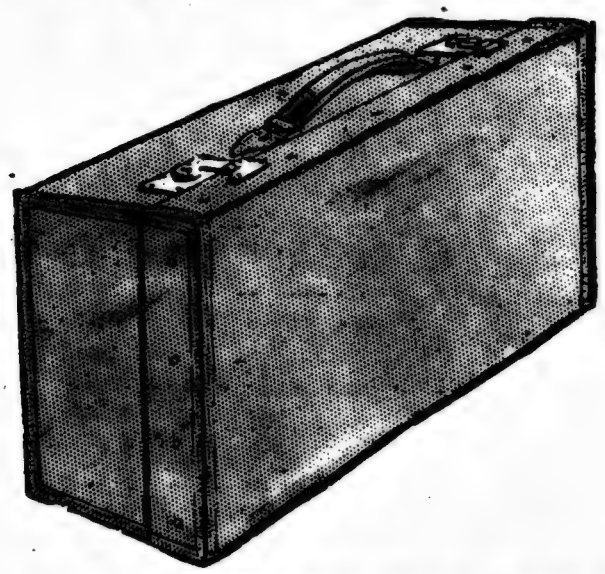
Summit 45

6 *for* 3/-

You can get them at either of our four Shops or by post.
Sample Collar & Booklet. 6½d

Austin Reed *Ltd.*
113, REGENT ST., W. 13, FENCHURCH ST., E.C.
157, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 5, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.

Pack in this Suit Case all You need for your Easter Jaunt.



This is one of the handiest Suit-Cases you ever put on the luggage rack. It easily holds everything you want for a short holiday, with straps inside to keep it from bunching up. The exact measurements are 20 by 14 by 7½ inches and when it is packed tight up you can easily carry it yourself. It is well sewn in strong leather of a good brown colour; has two brass slide nozzle locks and only weighs 6lbs. 4ozs. Most marvellously priced at 20/-

Carriage Paid in British Isles.

SELFRIDGE & Co., Ltd.,
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Is Mr. Balfour getting afraid of that Business Government?
Has Lord Lansdowne got a Royal remedy for the House of Lords?
Does Germany refuse a "peace" because she wants the whole?
Is the Permanent Official the "stay" of the country?
Haven't they plenty of "Messing Advisers" at the War Office already?
Wouldn't dining "oftener" be a more popular fashion than "earlier"?
Did the Dartmoor shepherd look "sheepish" when caught?
Isn't more daylight needed at the Board of Education?
Doesn't "Exeterordinary Revelations" describe it?
Will the race to the South Pole be warmly contested?
Will Master Archer-Shee get much change out of the Admiralty?

The reputed head of Oliver Cromwell is being discussed. There is nothing in it.

The Monk Iliodor, who is defying the Holy Synod in Russia, might as well call himself Ill-odour at once.

Over 150 society weddings will take place immediately after the holidays. Easter-tied.

John Bull's Easter Eggs.
To Lord Lansdowne.—An artistic mug.
To Mr. Masterman.—A bucket of whitewash.
To Lord Roberts.—A copy of the Army Regulations.
To the Mormons.—Some harem skirts.
To Mr. Haldane.—A copy of "Looking Backward."
To Lord Kitchener.—The game of Patience.
To Winston Churchill.—A shepherd's "crook."
To Maud Allan.—A "display" advertisement.
To Sir Edward Grey.—No peace.
To Lady Selborne.—A certificate of baptism.
To Captain Scott.—A good "return."
To Dr. Owen.—A bit of Bacon (gammon).
To Keir Hardie.—A highly illuminated address.
To the Prudential Directors.—A text, "Honesty is the Best Policy."
To the *Daily Mail*.—Some chaff for Standard bread.
To the Kaiser.—An estate at Coventry.
To the Peers.—More elbow-room.

"Goose as Detective," reads an *Express* heading. Now if it had been the other way about!

"Industrial conditions have driven the blushes from the faces of our girls," says the Rev. H. S. Johnson. Yes, and brought them to ours.

Sir Hiram Maxim is retiring, we are informed. Who would have thought it?

"The motor-car has revolutionised the life of the medical man," says the *Motor*. Done him a "good turn" in fact.

"Judges Puzzled by a Kick," reads a headline. On the seat of justice?

A doctor in a recent case stated that taste was not so acute in darkness as in light. That accounts for the kissing in tunnels.

An exhibition of Standard bread is being held. Hasn't it *been* shown up?

"Life saved by a watch," says a heading. Not the first to be saved by tick.

We understand that the havoc caused by that waterspout in Italy has reduced many to the gutter.

"Once the horse has given way to the motor great improvement in health will follow," says *Motor News*. But motors bring many complaints.

An Unconfirmed Rumour.—That "Put Me Among the Girls" has been adopted as a Mormon hymn.

"Drink is going down," says the Rev. A. Ripponer. Where did he expect it to go?

Mr. Lever, of Port Sunlight, who has bought a town, thus makes sure of at least one market for his soap.

"Votes for Women in Music," reads a heading. More discords than harmony, we presume.

An aeroplane company has recently been floated. The shareholders have high hopes.

TRADE NOTE.

During the coming spring and summer seasons hosiery will play an important part in both ladies' and men's attire. There is something very *distingué* if one's hosiery harmonises with the remainder of the apparel, and a charming effect is produced by having hosiery just one shade lighter than the skirt. In the case of men's half-hose, perhaps nothing looks smarter than when clocked with a shade lighter than the particular suit worn. Nothing but black socks, however, must be worn with a black suit. Avoid buying cotton or even a mixture of cotton and wool. Nothing but pure wool can keep the temperature of the feet normal. A brand of hosiery that is being very largely worn is "Jason." It is an all-wool, unshrinkable hosiery, made in all grades for men, ladies and children, and has the special feature of an exceptionally smooth finish. "Jason" hosiery is obtainable from nearly all hosiers and outfitters, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it one should write to the Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester.

SENSATIONAL
EASTER OFFER
For This Week Only.

THE OBJECT. The remarkable offer we are making this week is one that has never before been made by any firm of good standing. Our object in putting such an amazing proposition before the readers of "John Bull" is to prove once and for all that our famous "Footshape" Boots, as supplied direct from the Factory at eight-and-six post free, are BETTER VALUE than you can get locally.

THE OFFER. Fill in the coupon below and forward it to-day with 8/6 deposit. By return of post we will send you a splendid sample pair of "Footshapes." We invite you to examine them carefully and if you find they are not equal to our representations we will return your 8/6 in full and allow you to keep the boots for nothing.

If you can show that our boots are not better value than you can get locally, all you have to do is to keep the boots and simply ask for your money back.

Do Not Miss this Opportunity.
Be Early. Be in Time. Do it Now.

DESCRIPTION.

No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toe-capped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard-wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.—Exactly same style and quality as above, but slightly lighter in weight.

No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.—A magnificent boot. Rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf. Note, Brown costs 1/- extra.

If size is not known, send an old boot, or draw outline of stockinged foot on paper (Outline of boot is of no use).

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW.
Do not put it off till to-morrow. You may forget.

We Guarantee Perfect Fit or Money Back.

Direct from the Factory to your door.

POST FREE 8/6

COUPON. "John Bull." April 15, 1911.
To W. Barratt & Co. Ltd., Northampton
I herewith deposit 8/6, for which please send me POST FREE one pair of "Footshape" Boots No..... Size..... Width..... It is clearly understood that if I find they are not worth the money you will return my 8/6 in full and allow me to keep the boots.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

Pin this COUPON to your letter.

SIZES: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

W. BARRATT & CO., LTD.,
The World's Leading "Boots-by-Post" Specialists
(Dept. 68), Sterling Works, NORTHAMPTON.

TECLA ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.
30, Old Bond Street, London,
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HINTS FOR HOME DECORATORS

"HINTS FOR HOME DECORATORS." Every page of this marvellous book is crammed with practical tips, hints, and advice on Home Decoration. Full instructions on Painting, Paperhanging, Staining, Graining, Varnishing, Polishing, Stencilling; Paint and colour mixing; and all Decorating subjects. 100 pages of valuable trade secrets and priceless recipes. Post free 8d

6D.

Decorators' Stores (Dept. 5), Lytham Rd., Blackpool. POST FREE.

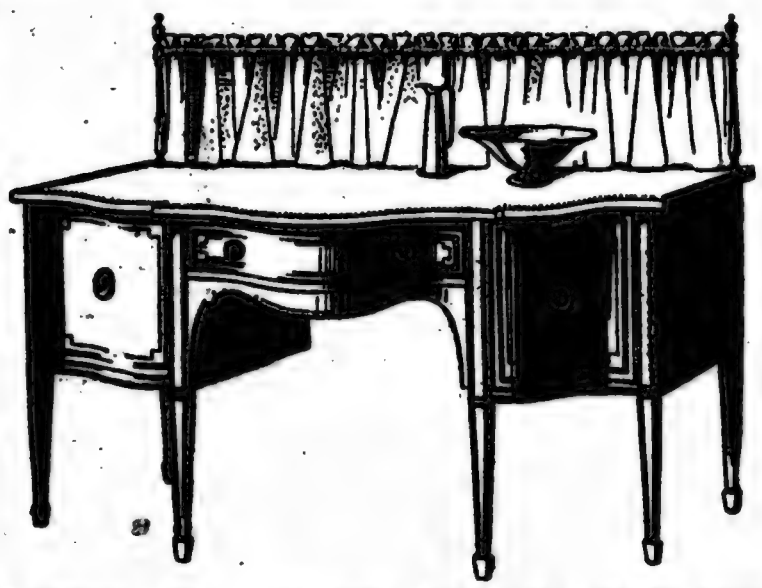
GREATEST FURNITURE SALE of the YEAR

The greater portion of our present stock must be cleared by the end of April so that the Builders may proceed with their work in the further extension of our premises.

This is a unique opportunity for furniture buyers, as we are prepared to warehouse any purchase in our Depositories for six months free of charge, if immediate delivery is not desired.

Any article can be supplied on our well-known Gradual Payment System extending over one, two or three years, at the purchaser's option. No interest or extra charge whatsoever is made and no deposit is required.

During this Sale we will also allow a special discount of 10 per cent. for cash



Sheraton style mahogany Sid board, inlaid with satinwood, as illustrated. Usual price £9 15 0

Sale price £8 10 0

So as to enable Country Customers to pay a personal visit to our Showrooms, we will defray their fares to town on orders of £30 and upwards.

The Sideboard illustrated will afford a slight idea of the enormous reductions we have made.

We have issued a Special Sale Catalogue which shall be sent post free on application.

TERMS:

Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.	Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.
10 0 0	6 0	200 0 0	4 10 0
20 0 0	11 0	500 0 0	11 5 0
50 0 0	1 8 0	1,000 0 0	22 0 0
100 0 0	2 5 0	2,000 0 0	45 0 0

Or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row,

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Six doors from the Holborn Restaurant and Holborn Station (G.N., P. & B. Rly.). 1 minute from British Museum Station (Central London Railway), and 3 minutes from Oxford Street.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag."* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

R. A. (Staffs) writes enthusiastically of the comfort and attention he enjoyed on a *journey to and from the United States*, but he does not mention whether he was in the steerage.

"DUTCH" (Littlehampton).—"*Initial noughts*" are the round figures at the beginning of a string of numbers. The meaning of our announcement is that those noughts count for nothing.

S. P. W. (Keynsham) says *John Bull League meetings* are "all jaw and no principles." He remarks, "There must and can be only two Parties, viz.: Right and Wrong. You cannot deny that in England all that has been done for good has been done by the Liberals." We remain impenitent.

H. B. (Peckham) complains of the *sweating of carmen*, and says some of them have to work all day and the best part of the night all the week, including Sunday, for 24s., and that at Pickford's they work 14 hours and upwards per day for 22s. a week. He adds, "We have a Union, but they don't do anything." Why don't they?

W. G. & S., LTD. (Staines).—There is nothing necessarily dishonest in offering to buy up old letters and post-cards, which firms have received in answer to advertisements. But it would have been interesting if you had found out what the *Domestic Supply Stores* (37, Hillcrest Avenue Leeds) wanted them for.

G. H. B. (Bristol) say Rosebery, Roberts and Charles Beresford are *the most detested men* in the country. Such is greatness!

W. P. (Bermondsey) says that some wretches in his neighbourhood set *traps to catch cats* at night and then worry the poor creatures with dogs. It is strange how barbarians love to torture cats. Look at George Karageorgevitch of Servia, who buries them up to their necks in the sand and then stamps them to death with his hobnail boots.

H. W. T. A. (Paddington) enquires about the *Licensed Victuallers' Hotel and Business Supply Co.*, 85, High Street, Kilburn, N.W.

P. A. (Upholland).—Off to the parson he went in high glee, and we can understand it.

W. G. (Girvan) sends us a very easily-opened envelope which he uses for sending out *circulars*. The Post Office told him that he would have to pay 1d. postage, but that if he enclosed the whole thing in another envelope it would go for ½d. This seems more than usually unbusinesslike.

A. G. W. (Addiscombe), who has quite recently returned from a visit to Australia, strongly recommends the Commonwealth to anyone seeking work, as it "appears to be waiting for both men and women, and good wages with it. It doesn't matter what trade, there is a great shortage of labour in all industries. Land is naturally the best thing to take up, and the local knowledge requisite for this is not difficult to acquire, whilst one gets considerable assistance from the Government." It is not always hot, as some people seem to think; naturally, in so vast a country, there are various climates, and A. G. W. personally found it delightful.

"POSTAL SERVANT" says that the Office of Works is erecting stands along the route of *the Coronation Procession*, and seats at 10s. each have been distributed amongst Government Departments. As a rule, those who wanted them were invited to apply, but in the Post Office two tickets each have been offered to civil servants getting £500 a year and over, and only a few are left for the great mass possessing smaller salaries, most of whom are having to ballot for tickets. That is to say, those who can best afford to pay for seats in the usual way are given an unjust preference over their less well-paid colleagues. In any event, we have to be thankful for the fact that the taxpayers will get something. Had we not published paragraphs upon the subject, we are afraid that even this small repayment would not have been forthcoming.

A. McK. (Glasgow) informs us about the *London General Supply Association*, 72, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., who practise the old watch and chain trick, emphasised by an offer of a share in a £100 prize. His sister sent 7s. 11d. for the chain and paid 2s. for two dozen worthless post-cards, only to find that her portion of this munificent prize amounted to a ½d. stamp.

W. G. M. (Kensal Rise).—We never advise anyone to *emigrate to Canada*.

"BOOTS AND SHOES" (Glasgow) says the *Makers' Alliance*, 164, Strand, extort 9d., and then refuse to deliver goods until all instalments have been paid.

A. T. (Brixton).—You seem to have got yourself into a pickle by obtaining goods on the *hire system*, removing them and pawning them, and then denying your identity. But if the people said they would not prosecute in the event of your returning the goods, you can plead that they were prepared to condone your offence. Point this out to them and you will probably hear no more on the matter.

"DONNELLY" (Dallas, Texas) suggests that the *asses in the United States* are all imported from the United Kingdom. Well, we always thought emigration was foolish.

(*Continued on page* 614.)

A fine tobacco that brings content. Whether smoked much or little it is always the same—always gives satisfaction. Of a fine aroma and with a unique and most pleasing flavour it may be smoked day in and day out as it never burns the tongue.

BOARDMAN'S

is the same tobacco, milder, and

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the same, but fuller flavoured.

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SIR HIRAM MAXIM AND BRONCHITIS

Sir Hiram Maxim tendered his resignation as a director in the firm of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, to take place on his 71st birthday. Sir Hiram has served continuously as a director, first in the Maxim Gun Company, then the Maxim Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition Company, and lastly, for many years with Vickers, Sons, and Maxim Limited, making in all twenty-seven years.

In an interview with the representative of the Press Sir Hiram says: "I am now a man of Peace, but I was the first to invent an automatic gun. The late Lord Salisbury remarked to King Edward (then the Prince of Wales, in my presence that I had prevented more men from dying of old-age than any man who had ever lived.

"Time went on, and my throat, not being made of copper, with a platinum lining, began to trouble me. I found I could not stand the English climate. I had most villainous attacks of bronchitis, and eventually I succeeded, with the help of an expert in medicine, in making a contrivance for curing myself."

Everyone who suffers from Bronchitis, Winter Cough, Throat, Lungs, and Nasal ailments should send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim, Dept. M.C. at 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and receive post free his little pamphlet explaining how he came to invent the Pipe of Peace and his method for relief and home cure.

Constipation Vanishes For Ever

Prompt Relief Permanent Cure. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after-dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
GENUINE must bear Signature.

Brent Good

R. S. (Glasgow) says that *hip-pockets* are quite as accessible to the light-fingered fraternity as any other pocket.

H. K. L. (Rochdale) complains of a firm whose touts announce a "*great clearance sale* from the railway companies." They took his money, but when he wrote to the address given in Aldersgate Street, his letter came back marked "not known." It is an old trick, against which we have frequently warned readers.

J. R. H. (Durham) asks whether the Manchester Wholesale Co-operative Society's turnover exceeded 25 millions sterling during the last twelve months, and, if so, why interest on money invested in *co-operative societies* should escape Income Tax.

A. P. R. (Kentish Town) sent 1s. 3d. to Jackson and Co., Renshaw St., Hulme, Manchester, for 200 *patchwork silks*. Considering them worthless, he demanded the return of his money and—received it, with a polite letter, saying there must be some mistake as they had been in business for twenty years, and always wished to give satisfaction. We do not see that he has much to grumble about, but perhaps other correspondents may be moved to give us their experiences.

"Anxious" (Liverpool) thinks the unemployed ought to have jobs in connection with the *census*. We have published a plea to this effect.

Lotinga (Ayr).—A double event. We have brought off, you see, several of them.

G. F. H. (Cardiff).—Have nothing to do with the *Lawrence Irwin Co.* (Birmingham), who offer to pay for the colouring of picture postcards.

A. M. B. (Westcliff-on-Sea) wants to join with other victims in prosecuting Howell and Co., the *Christmas card tricksters*.

"Constant Reader" (Wallsend) says it is no breach of colliery rules *to smoke in mines* where naked lights are used, as a candle would ignite gas far more promptly than a spark.

"A Non-Commercial John Bull" says: "Honour comes above all your d—d commerce," and thinks we overrate the idea of a *Business Government*. But unbusinesslike people often get into scrapes which are scarcely distinguishable from dishonour.

"A Victim" (Bournemouth) says that *Victor Loire* ought to be pronounced liar. No doubt it would be in Ireland.

X. Y. Z (Hull).—We'll wait till you win, sir, and then we shall see all about it.

"Club" (Battersea) paid £1 inquiry fee to the *Commercial Advance Co.*, but refused to pay 6s. 6d. more, and then allowed the matter to drop. The criminal law must be strengthened to meet such cases.

"A Convert" (Balcombe) writes in defence of *stag-hunting*. She used to think it very cruel, but her husband persuaded her to visit the kennels and she was "simply astonished at the care and attention given both to stag and hounds." She says, "The deer have most luxurious winter quarters, they are fed on the best food procurable to give them plenty of stamina for the two or at most three runs they make during the season. All through the summer months they have a beautiful park to roam in. They are drawn in a deer-van to wherever the meet is held. When their run is finished they are driven home again. You might as well call the 'Varsity boat-race degrading when at the finish the crews are sometimes carried half-fainting from the boats. I cannot help feeling that many a subject of your human documents would think that the millennium had dawned if he were fed and housed as well for about twelve hours' work in a year." No doubt some of us might also be tempted to envy poultry which is being fattened up for the market.

W. P. (Blackpool).—Did you really expect to win *football prizes* by buying "scientific selections"?

R. W. O. (Sawbridgeworth) says the *Spanish prisoner* is yet alive and is only asking for £110. What modesty!

J. B. (Hull) wants to know whether the *British officers* imprisoned in a German fortress are blindfolded when they take exercise.

A. F. H. (Plumstead) is a *season-ticket holder* from Woolwich Arsenal to Lewisham Junction, and complains that he has to pay carriage whenever he takes a parcel with him. In fact, the officials told him that he would have been mulcted even if he had only carried a bunch of flowers. In his buttonhole?

C. H. T. (Bayswater).—It was rather unkind of the parson to take "*Fools*" *as the subject for his sermon* and express a hope that there would be a good gathering on the occasion. Was there?

A. C. H. (St. Catherine's Park).—We agree that the magistrate was scarcely justified in binding the *bad boy* over to go to sea. The Navy must not be regarded as a reformatory.

T. S. (Chilworth).—At present there is no active Branch of *the League* in your district.

"Vox Populi" (Holloway) protests against the proposed expenditure of £1,000 out of the Islington rates in connection with *the Coronation* decorations, having regard to the amount of poverty existing in the borough, and does not think the King would approve of the expenditure.

F. J. F. (Perth).—We may be very ignorant, even after our recent excursions to Scotland, but we confess we do not understand the advertisement for "*orraman to act as woman grieve.*" We should have thought it would be the woman who would grieve when a man turned out a horror.

"Disgusted Liberal" thinks the nation cannot afford *the cost of the Coronation*. But most people do enjoy a ceremonial show.

"A Visitor" (Devonport) tells us of a schoolmistress who gives the children *home lessons*, telling them to write "what their father and mother did, what their conversation was, what their family life was, what their brothers did and said." We agree that this is unduly inquisitive, and we hope the families took care to censor the reports.

W. H., Junr. (Caledonian Road), exposes a *snowball system* carried on by the North British Tobacco Co., Haidham, Lancs.

A. R. (Marylebone) should consult a solicitor about the *Commercial Advance Co.* If he gets his 7s. 6d. back, he promises to give it to a charity, but the solicitor will probably have something to say.

"One of the Afflicted Parents" sends us a statement of the Mayor of Doncaster that the local education authority lost £1,000 a year from the *irregular attendance of children at school*, "illness and no shoes" being the usual excuse. Our correspondent says that healthy and well-shod children cannot go to school in the neighbouring village of Bentley because there is no accommodation for them.

"Reader" (Brighton) informs us that three locomotives have disappeared from the Brighton Railway. He wishes us to investigate the matter. But where shall we begin?

S. T. C. (South Hackney) sent 2s. for a parcel of flowers to G. F. Letts and Co., of Hadleigh, Suffolk, who advertise them "*free on rail*," and was surprised to find that he had to pay 6d. carriage. Technically, of course, Messrs. Letts and Co. are right, but we think the phrase somewhat misleading to the ordinary reader.

[*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*]

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Please send me a free bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.)

Different Types of Owners.

It is really very interesting, and very funny, to glance haphazard down the entries for almost any race and to observe the different types of those nominating horses. Among the owners, even for a £40 race, with a dozen nominations, you will find an aristocrat, a lady owner, a bookmaker, probably a journalist and certainly a money-lender, a millionaire followed by a professional backer, a Stock Exchange magnate, a little tradesman, and finally an amateur jockey, who is only different from a professional by the mock use of a prefix.

A Hint.

My personal opinion is that the sculling race will be a good struggle, but that Barry, who is quite an artist in a boat, will win, although Albany is a good sculler and a coming man, who is very likely indeed to beat Barry and hold the championship in two or three years' time. But he will not beat him *this* season. There is a probability that Pearce, who a little while ago lost the championship of Australia to Arnst, will be brought over to scull Albany or Barry, the intention being to match the winner of the Pearce-Albany (or Barry) race against Arnst for the world's championship, to be rowed on the Thames.

An Owner's Right.

Even the biggest and best race meetings have a clause on their cards that the weights are added for the convenience of the public, but are not guaranteed as correct. They certainly *ought* to be accurate, both as a guide to owners and the betting public. I have over and over again claimed that it is the duty of the authorities to provide a special staff—which would not mean much in cost or labour—to check and practically guarantee the accuracy of every weight set out against every horse.

Prophetic.

Just Leicester's quiet day, which may give Persuade a victory prior to the holiday flood of meetings.

At Kempton Oversight will find the company in the Easter Monday Welter very different to the Lincoln, whilst for the Queen's Prize, among a very moderate lot,

Knight of Honour

might succeed, for all Pickering's horses are well and fit. The best handicapped animal is unquestionably Black Sea, but I don't know whether the good-looking five-year-old is ready yet, and anyhow, he is hardly a 6-st. boy's ride. There are one or two jumping meetings during the Easter week, preluded on Saturday by Plumpton, where Delphine might win the Handicap; whilst in the big Lancashire Steeplechase, for which Jenkinstown will doubtless be a hot favourite, I should pick

Usury

on what we saw at Hurst Park, but there is clearly danger in Mount Prospect's Fortune.

H. GREEN (MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S & TURF GUARDIAN SOCIETY)

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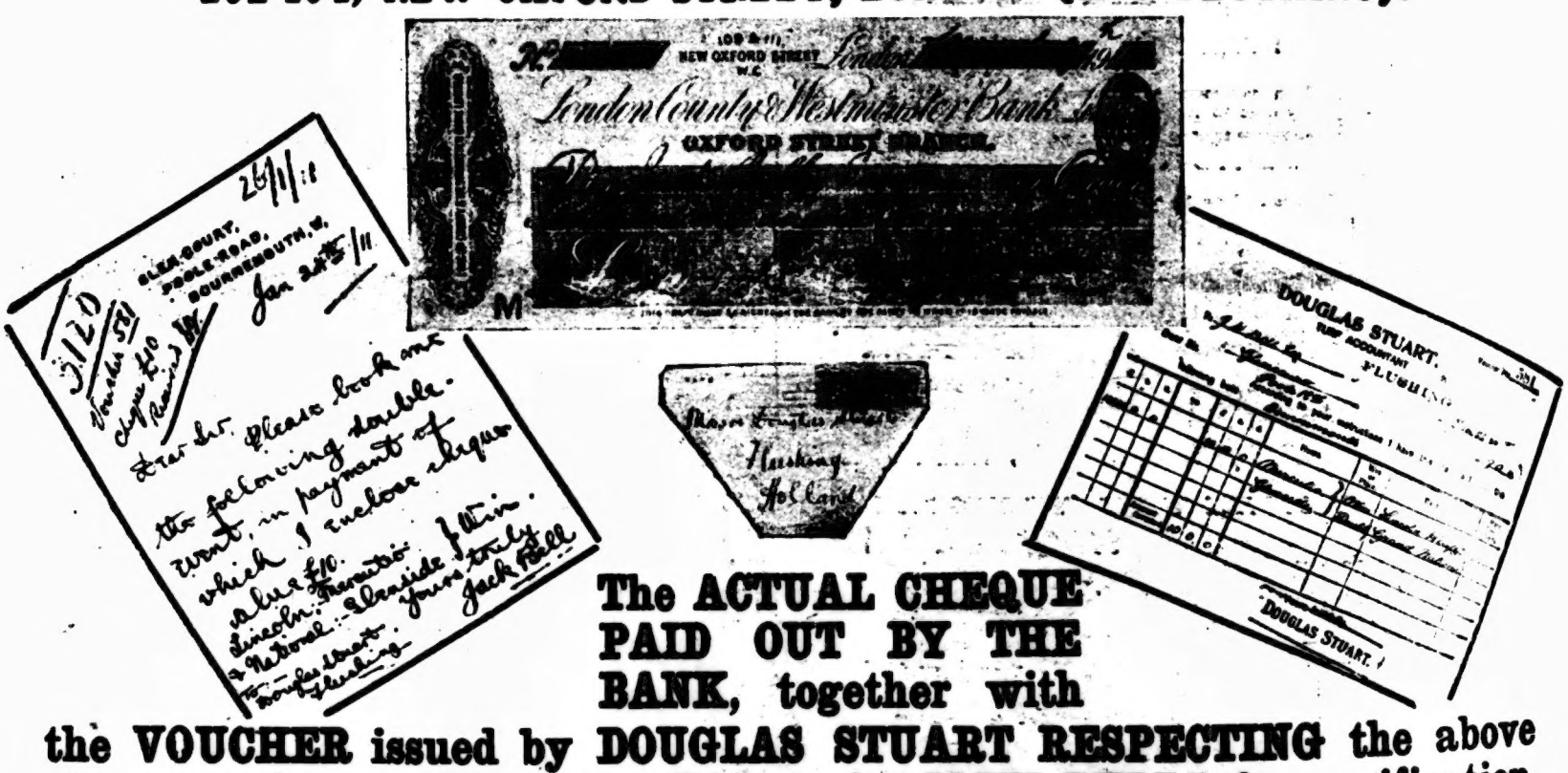

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